

# HAMLET:

## THE MANGA



BASED ON THE PLAY BY:  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ADAPTED AND DIRECTED BY:  
ZELGADIS GREYWERS

Ladies and Gentlemen...

Introducing the Head of Seyruun's  
Ministry of Culture, Gracia--er-- I mean,  
Naga the White Serpent...

Oh-HO-HO-HO-  
HO-HO !!!  
Greetings, Culture  
Lovers...

I'm coming to you tonight  
from the Atlas City Palace of the  
Arts where the curtain is about to  
rise on the most anticipated event  
of this year's theatre  
season...

...A brand spanking-new interpretation of William  
Shakespeare's classic tragedy --Hamlet !  
We've a large and spirited crowd on hand to  
witness tonight's gala premiere...

Sorry lady !  
No pets either !  
You're going to  
have to do  
**SOMETHING**  
about these  
dogs of  
yours...

Nice doggie...

What do you mean,  
there's no smoking in  
this theatre ?

PROGRAM

They're NOT  
dogs ! They're  
WOLVES !

Ow ! It  
bit me ! H-HEY !  
Get it off me !

Hmm. Already  
looks like we're in  
for an exciting  
evening...

There appears to be  
some kind of disturbance  
surrounding a tall blonde  
in the third row...

Come on..  
THIS way,  
lady...

Grrr ! Lemme go !  
My Xelly Boy's in tonight's  
play ! Ooooh ! We  
smokers have rights  
TOO you know...

Oh God !  
Help !  
HELP !

We now have a  
special treat for you, folks !  
Here to grant us a pre-opening  
night interview is the star  
and director of tonight's  
show...

Zelgadis Greywers !

Mr. Greywers,  
Would you mind sharing  
a few words with us about  
your production ?

YAAAAH ! Quick !  
Someone call the  
ASPCA !

Certainly, Miss Naga.  
I would be only too glad  
to have the opportunity to  
discuss the nature of  
tonight's performance with  
you and your viewing  
audience...

What made you decide to take on "Hamlet" of all things?

Well, of all of Shakespeare's work, I've found THIS play to be closest to my heart...

Each generation has had it's own interpretation of the play. What I intend to do is update the story for a more contemporary audience. I want it to appeal to--

HEY!

What is it, Lina? Can't you see I'm in the middle of an interview here?

Director Man! I want a word with you!

So tell me, Mr. Greywers, what is this "Hamlet" play all about, anyway?

Well, the play itself is about a young man who struggles to keep himself from being overwhelmed by the chaos and madness which surrounds him on a daily basis...

He's a character in a situation which I find myself EASILY able to relate to...

Grrr! I'm not going through with this! I don't like the way this costume looks on me! Why do I have to be a GUY anyway?

We've discussed this before. There just aren't enough female roles in this play to go around...

Crossdressing actors were common in Shakespeare's time, so you've nothing to be embarrassed about.. Besides, Horatio is a **VERY** important role...

I know...  
But do you really think the audience will be able to believe that a beautiful young sorceress such as myself is actually a **MAN**?

Oh, I don't think believing it will be **TOO** big of a stretch for them...

Just whaddaya mean by **THAT**?!

Er... J-Just that, you're such a **GOOD** actress, convincing the audience that you're a man should be easy for you...

...And the fact that you have practically **NO BREASTS** should make it even **EASIER**...

# W H O M P !! OO





For the opening night cast party I planned on throwing after tonight's performance...

I was going to set up a whole buffet backstage... I ordered fried chicken...  
...a shrimp platter...

...spaghetti and meatballs...

...steak and eggs...  
...pasta...

...a full dessert tray...

...oh, and YOUR favorite, of course-- cocktail weenies with wasabi sauce...

It's time to get this show on the road!

To your places!

\*Sigh.\*  
But since the play is going to be cancelled, there's really no point in going ahead with this, now is there, Lina?

Allright everybody!  
Listen up!

Lina?

Lights!  
Make up!  
Wardrobe!

Curtain rises  
in ten  
seconds!

PROPS



What IS it,  
Xelloss ?

Nothing,  
Filia... I'm just  
here to tell you  
to "Break a  
Leg"....

Oooh ! A Mazoku  
scumbag like yourself  
WOULD say something  
mean like that to a girl  
about to give her first  
performance !

I wasn't  
TRYING to be mean,  
Filia...

"Break a Leg" is  
just old theater lingo. It's  
something actors say to  
each other when they  
want to wish each other  
luck...

Xelloss ?  
You're wishing ME  
luck ? Why that's...  
so....THOUGHTFUL  
of you...

Well, after  
seeing the way  
YOU act, I figured,  
if there's ANYONE  
who'll need to have  
extra luck with them  
when they go out  
on stage  
tonight, it's  
YOU...

TWITCH  
TWITCH



DIE!

SPLUT!

CRAZY

YESS



Xeloss !  
You heartless  
NAMAGOMI !

SPLUT!



You'd better  
stay out of my way  
tonight if you know  
what's good for you !



Unnhh,

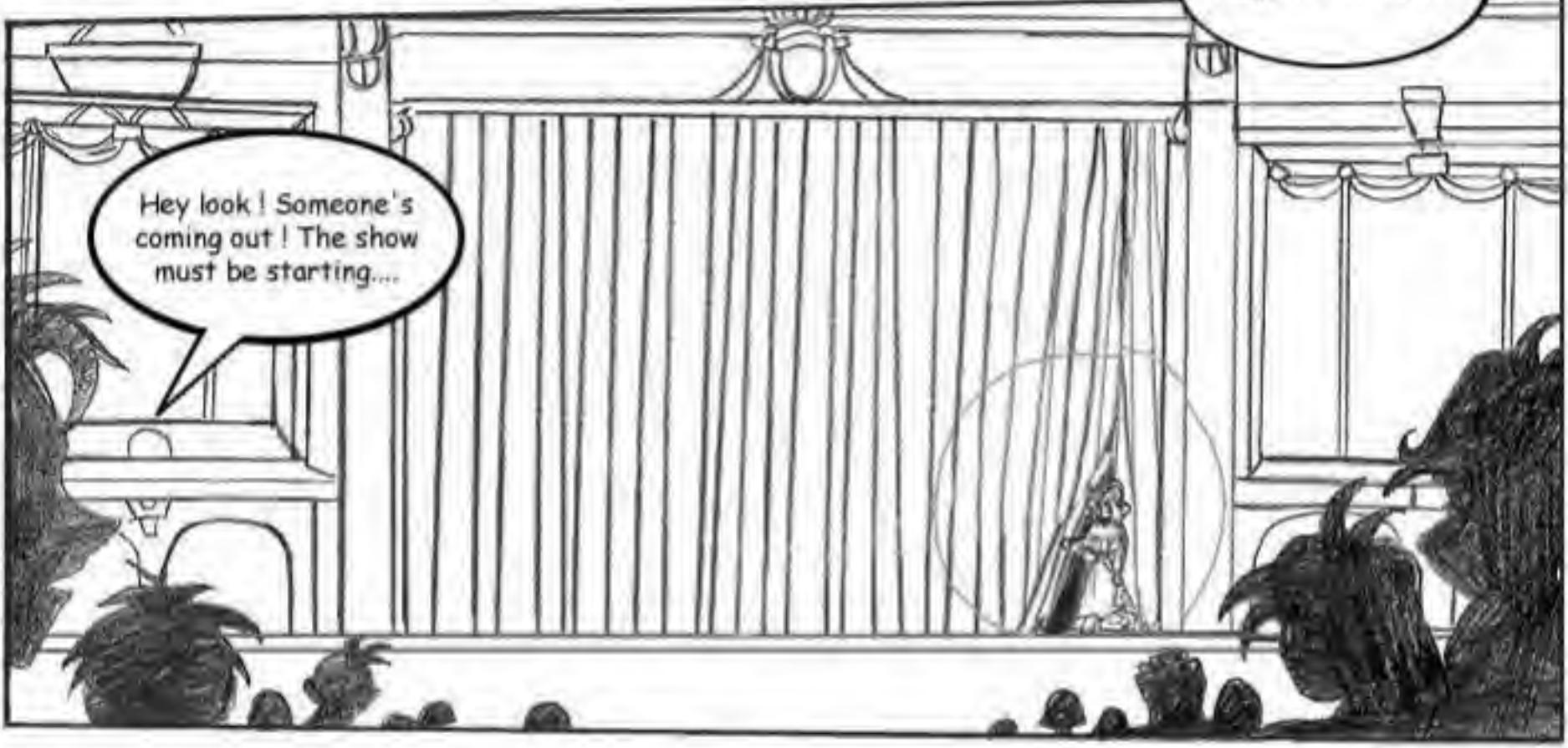




Allright, Filia !  
It's time ! Make  
your entrance  
NOW !



Okay, Mr. Director !



Hey look ! Someone's  
coming out ! The show  
must be starting....



Ladies and gentlemen...

STEP  
STEP  
STEP



...I bid you welcome to tonight's performance of William Shakespeare's time-honored tragedy—

"HAMLET"!  
Brought to you thanks to a generous grant from the Seyruun Royal Ministry of Culture...

--And by the theatrical genius behind tonight's production:  
The man who's both director of the play  
AND the star in the title role...  
Zelgadis Greywers!

FINALLY!  
This play is getting off the ground...

It would be nice if everything went without a hitch tonight... So far, everyone and everything SEEM to be where they're supposed to be...

Wait a minute... It's been a while since I've seen Xelloss... I wonder if HE's where he's supposed to be... It'd be just like him to try and create a major headache for me...

KRACK!

KLONK!

\*Sigh\* Why me?

Coming up next...

**Act One**

# Hamlet: The Manga

## Act One

### Scene One

Hello, theatre lovers!  
It's me again! Naga,  
the White Serpent!

Coming to you from  
a chandelier high above the  
audience at the Atlas City Palace  
of the Arts where I'm STILL  
trapped... \*Sigh\*... On the stage far  
below me, you can see that tonight's  
performance is just about ready  
to begin...

Filia, the narrator, has  
just stepped out on stage  
and is starting to deliver  
the opening monologue...

Rest assured that  
I, Naga, will be on hand  
to provide you with a stageside,  
play-by-play commentary of  
tonight's performance...  
Just as soon as I'm free of  
these chains....Urreeghhhh...  
Ennhhhhhh...

Tonight's story  
takes place centuries ago...  
In a faraway kingdom  
named Denmark...

B  
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...in a period of history when darkness and chaos ruled the land..

Grrr... Xeloss ! You said if I let you in on this play, you wouldn't cause me any trouble !

Just leave her alone ! I don't want there to be any fighting between you two tonight !

I wasn't trying to cause you any trouble... Just trying to wish Miss Filia a little luck with her performance tonight...

...It was a time of unrest and upheaval, when thrones were often passed from one hand to another through violent and bloody conflict...

We gotta get off the stage... We'll continue this discussion LATER, Xeloss !

Urk !!

RUSTLE

Our story begins in Castle Elsinore, the ancestral home of the Danish royal family, whose stark stone walls have borne silent witness to many momentous and tragic events... But nothing like what is about to unfold tonight in our story...



Scene One opens on a guard's platform on an outer wall of Castle Elsinore during the dead of night... The fog and shadows now lie thick upon the stones... So thick that those whose duty it is to guard them can barely see each other...



..For tonight, a strange and unearthly power is about to descend upon this castle and its unsuspecting inhabitants...



Long live the King!



Barnardo the soldier.  
Played by Gourry Gabiev.



Francisco the Soldier.  
Played by Sylphiel Nels Rada

Barnardo!

You come most carefully upon your hour...

"Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.



Sheesh,  
Sylphiel.. It IS g-g-getting cold around here...



FREEZE ARROW!

BACKSTAGE...



**CRASH!!**

What was that?

Here's a word of advice, Zelgadis, for the next time you design a costume for me... Long flowing robes and heavy armor do NOT mix...



Rezo! What ARE you doing? This is no time to be clowning around!

I'm not clowning around. I'm attempting to master the art of WALKING in this ridiculous getup!

It isn't easy with this tin can on my head...

Look! I'm sorry about that! Can you please hurry and get to the stage now?

\*Sigh\* Fine...

It's weight is continually throwing me off balance, and it's interfering with my innate ability to sense where I'm going!

...But if my split ends get as bad as yours, you'll regret making me wear this thing!

But worst of all, it is completely RUINING MY HAIRSTYLE!!

CLAP!

**At that moment,  
onstange....**

Stand ho !  
Who is there ?

A friend to this ground.  
And liegeman to the Dane.

A piece of  
him...

Say, what, is  
Horatio there ?

At this point in  
the story, our two vigilant  
watchmen are surprised  
by the sudden arrival of  
a handsome visitor...

It is Horatio,  
a dashing young nobleman  
who's long been a loyal friend to  
the Danish Royal Family (and whose  
role is being played tonight  
by the equally dashing  
Lina Inverse !)

\*Sigh\*  
WHY do I  
have to be a  
GUY ?

I wanted to  
be a PRINCESS,  
dammit....

What, has this  
thing appeared again  
tonight ?

I have seen  
nothing....

Horatio says  
'tis but our  
fantasy, and will  
not let belief take  
hold of him...

Welcome,  
Horatio...

Touching this  
dreaded sight twice  
seen of us....

Therefore I have  
entreated him along with  
us to watch the minutes of  
this night, that, if again this  
apparition come, he may  
approve our eyes and  
speak to it....

Sit down  
awhile...

Tush,  
tush, twill  
not appear..

And let us once  
again assail your ears, that  
are so fortified against  
our story, what we have  
two nights seen.

Well, sit we  
down, and let us hear  
Barnardo speak of  
this....

Well,  
Barnardo ? We've  
been sitting here  
for three minutes  
now....

Isn't there  
SOMETHING  
you wanted to  
tell me ?

...About a  
certain GHOST you've  
seen prowling around  
this area lately ?

Hmmm...  
A ghost ?

Don't you remember,  
Gourry dear ? You're  
supposed to talk about  
the ghost now...

You say:

Last night of all,  
when yond same star  
that's westward from  
the pole....

Uhhh...

Last night, a ball,  
when Lon's same star  
was...uh...resting  
on a pole....

I knew it wouldn't  
be long before Jellyfish  
Brains started forgetting  
his lines...

CLINK !  
CLINK !  
CLINK !

!

CLINK !  
CLINK !  
CLINK !

Look!  
Here it comes  
again !

CLINK !  
CLINK !  
CLINK !

GASP !

A  
GHOST !

Horatio and  
the castle watchmen  
now find themselves  
coming fact to face with  
a chilling sight...

A ghost, clad  
from head to foot in  
full plate armor begins to  
ominously advance upon them;  
it's unearthly form ablaze  
with an angry, spectral  
fire...

Wait a minute...  
If that's really a ghost,  
how could it be walking  
around in heavy armor  
like that ?

Thou art a  
scholar. Speak to it,  
Horatio !

«Idiot ! That's  
not really a ghost ! It's...  
never mind...»

Look ! A ghost ! And in  
the same figure like the  
king that's dead...

Oh... I remember  
now... That's Rezo  
in disguise....

SHHHH !  
It's time for my  
big speech now...

What art thou that  
usurp'st this time of  
night, together with that  
fair and warlike form  
in which the majesty of  
buried Denmark did  
sometimes march?  
By heaven, I charge  
thee, speak!

It is offended.

«What do I  
say now? Oh yeah...»

See, it stalks away!



But soft, behold !  
Lo, where it comes again !

I'll cross it  
though it blast  
me...

Stay, illusion !

If thou hast  
any sound or use  
of voice, speak  
to me !

Horatio  
now rushes down  
to confront the  
ghost, to learn,  
if he can, the  
true reason  
behind its  
unsettling  
appearance.

If there be  
any good  
thing to be  
done that may  
to thee do ease  
and grace to  
me, speak to  
me !

\*Sigh\*  
I'll never  
understand how  
Amelia can fall down  
and land on HER  
head all the time  
without feeling  
any ill  
effects...

\*Groan\*

THUNK



Let us impart  
what we have seen  
tonight unto young  
Hamlet; for, upon  
my life, this spirit,  
dumb to us, will  
speak to him.

Uh, Miss Lina... I think what we're heading for is actually stage LEFT...

Whatever. Just keep moving.

And so, our scene now ends, with Horatio running off to tell his best friend, Prince Hamlet, about all he has just seen...

What will young Hamlet's reaction be upon hearing the news that his father's ghost has been seen roaming the castle? Stay tuned...

Unh... Almost free...

RATTLE!

Well folks, it looks as if our play is off to an exciting start! It also looks as if Rezo will be needing an aspirin and a good stiff shot of whisky once he gets backstage...

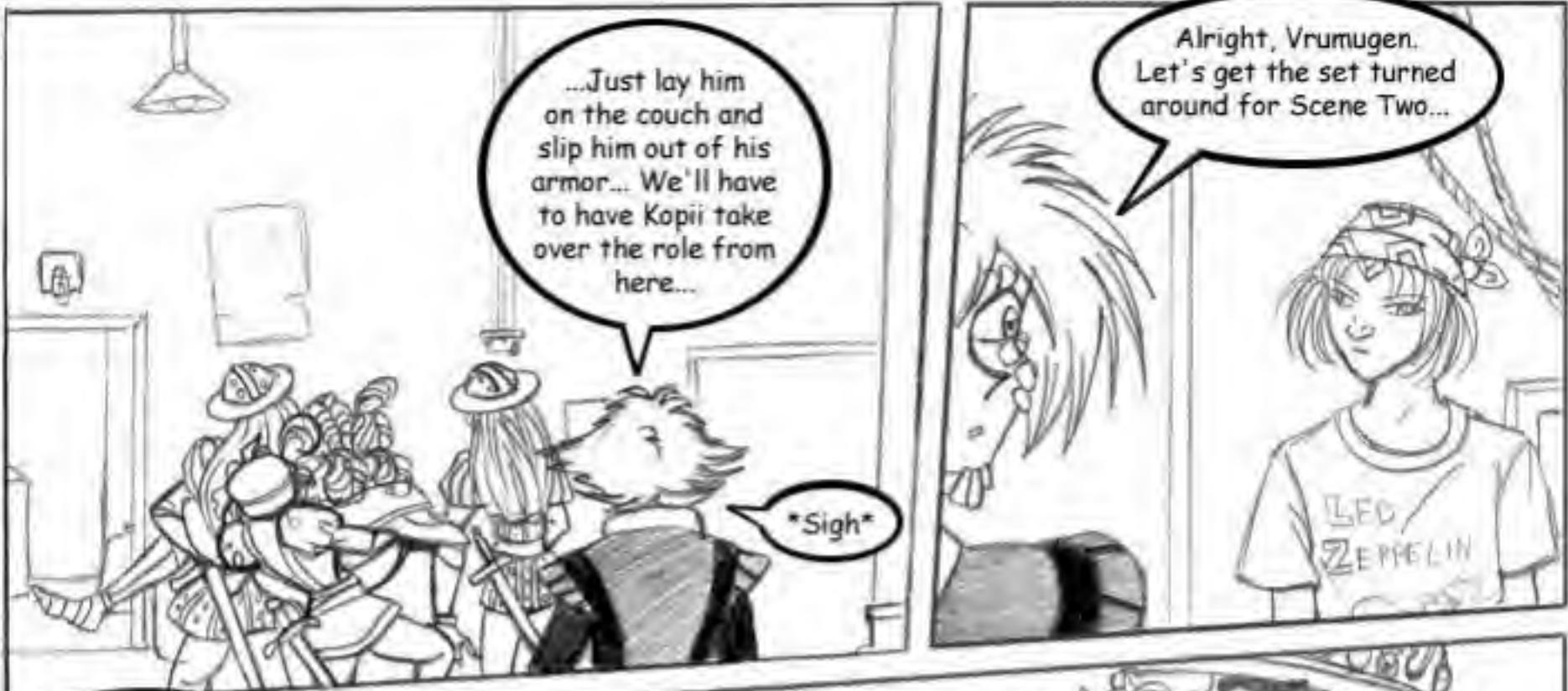
Sure wish I could join him back there...

Uh, Zel... Where you want us to put him?

\*Sigh\* Why did I KNOW something like this was going to happen? Why can't things ever go smoothly for me?

Hey! Zel! Wake up! Armor Man here weighs a ton! Where do we put him?

In the Green Room...



Alright, Vrumugen. Let's get the set turned around for Scene Two...





This is a role I'm sure I was born to play...A young heroine, pure of spirit, struggling against a cruel and unjust world...

THERE you are, Amelia!

Daddy ! I was just showing my costume to Mr. Zelgadis.. He says it's okay.

Splendid ! Tonight, as you know, we will be stepping out on stage as father and daughter, both as actors and as the roles we both play...

This is a drama about a young man's quest for JUSTICE ! You and I must work together to inspire the audience, to make this a performance to remember !

Yes ! So the message of this play will remain burning within their souls long after the final curtain has fallen ! I know if we try with all of our might, we cannot fail !

The name of "Shakespeare" may fade from human memory, but our passionate acting will be remembered for ages to come !

Oh... \*sniff\* Daddy...

Amelia....

Unh... I'm not feeling too good all of a sudden...

Neither am I... Justice Speech... Overload...



Allright...  
Let's get  
ready for  
the next  
scene....

# Hamlet:

## Act One

## Scene Two



For the  
next scene, we  
take you to the  
King's Audience  
Chamber, deep within  
the sumptuous and  
richly furnished  
halls of Castle  
Elsinore...



These halls are largely quiet now,  
but two months earlier, they were  
filled with the sound of grief and  
mourning for Old King Hamlet, the  
well-loved monarch of this realm,  
who had suddenly passed away...



He was found lying all alone out  
in his garden, where he liked  
to while away the summer hours  
in sleep. Only now he wasn't  
sleeping. He was dead, a victim  
of an apparent snakebite wound.



The king  
left behind him a son,  
a young man who also went  
by the name of Hamlet.  
However, the throne passed  
not to him, but to the  
boy's uncle...



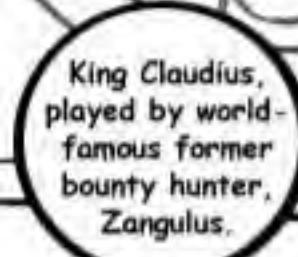
The king's  
brother, a crafty  
man named  
Claudius...



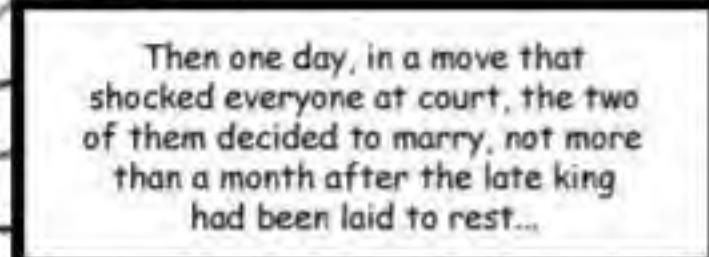
Claudius had assumed power, with the intention of transferring his kingship to the young Prince Hamlet as soon as the boy had matured enough to handle the duties and responsibilities befitting a monarch.



All now seemed well within the kingdom, but there were those who were suspicious of Claudius and his intentions. However, nothing could be said, as Queen Gertrude, the wife of the late king, had thrown her support behind him.



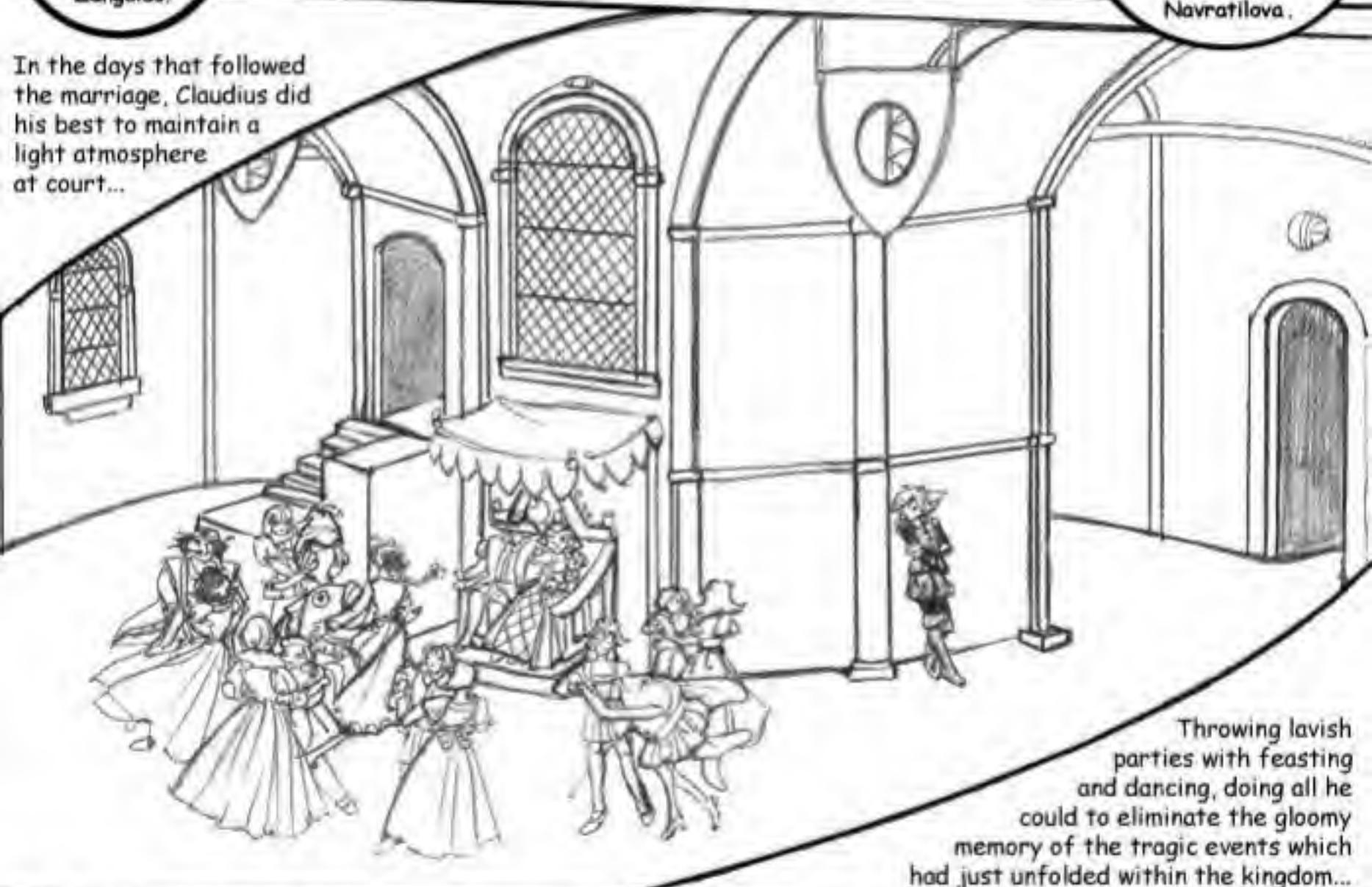
King Claudius,  
played by world-  
famous former  
bounty hunter,  
Zangulus.



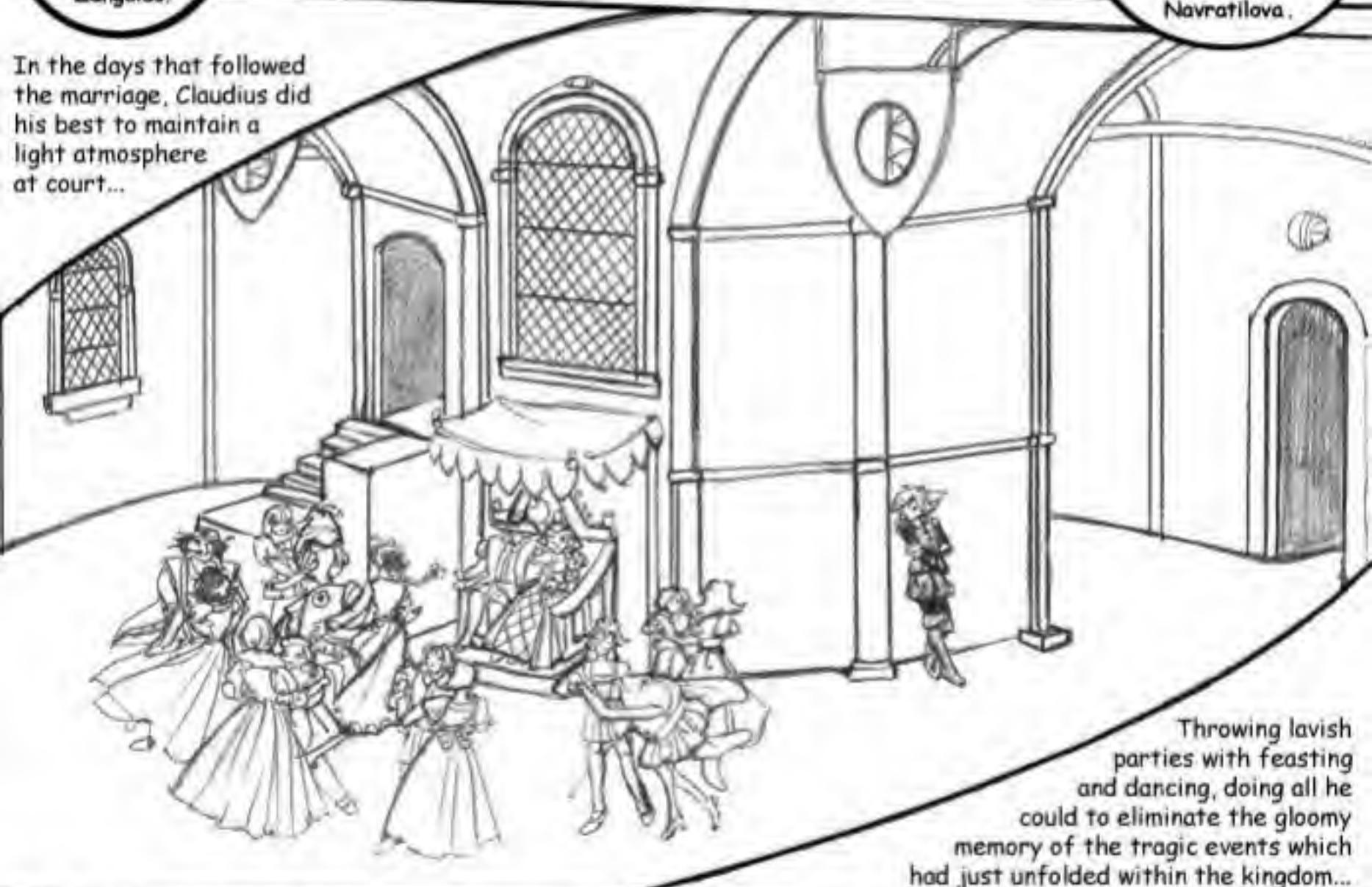
Then one day, in a move that shocked everyone at court, the two of them decided to marry, not more than a month after the late king had been laid to rest...



Queen Gertrude  
played by Her  
Royal Highness,  
Princess Martina  
Xoana Mel  
Navratilova.



In the days that followed the marriage, Claudius did his best to maintain a light atmosphere at court...



Throwing lavish parties with feasting and dancing, doing all he could to eliminate the gloomy memory of the tragic events which had just unfolded within the kingdom...



But, on this festive evening, Claudius will find that, for some people in his court, the past is not so readily forgotten...



«Heh. Nice dance partner you got there, Sherra.»



«Shut up.»

The music suddenly stops,  
and King Claudius rises to  
address the court...

Though yet  
of Hamlet, our  
dear brother's death,  
the memory  
be green...

...And that it  
us befitted to bear  
our hearts in grief  
and our whole  
kingdom to be  
contracted in one  
brow of woe...

Yet so far hath  
discretion fought with  
nature that we with wisest  
sorrow think on him  
together with remem-  
brances of ourselves.

Therefore our  
sometime sister, now  
our queen,

Th' imperial jointress  
to this warlike state...

Have we, as  
'twere with a  
defeated joy...

...with an auspicious and  
a dropping eye, with mirth in  
funeral and dirge in marriage,

\*Giggle\*

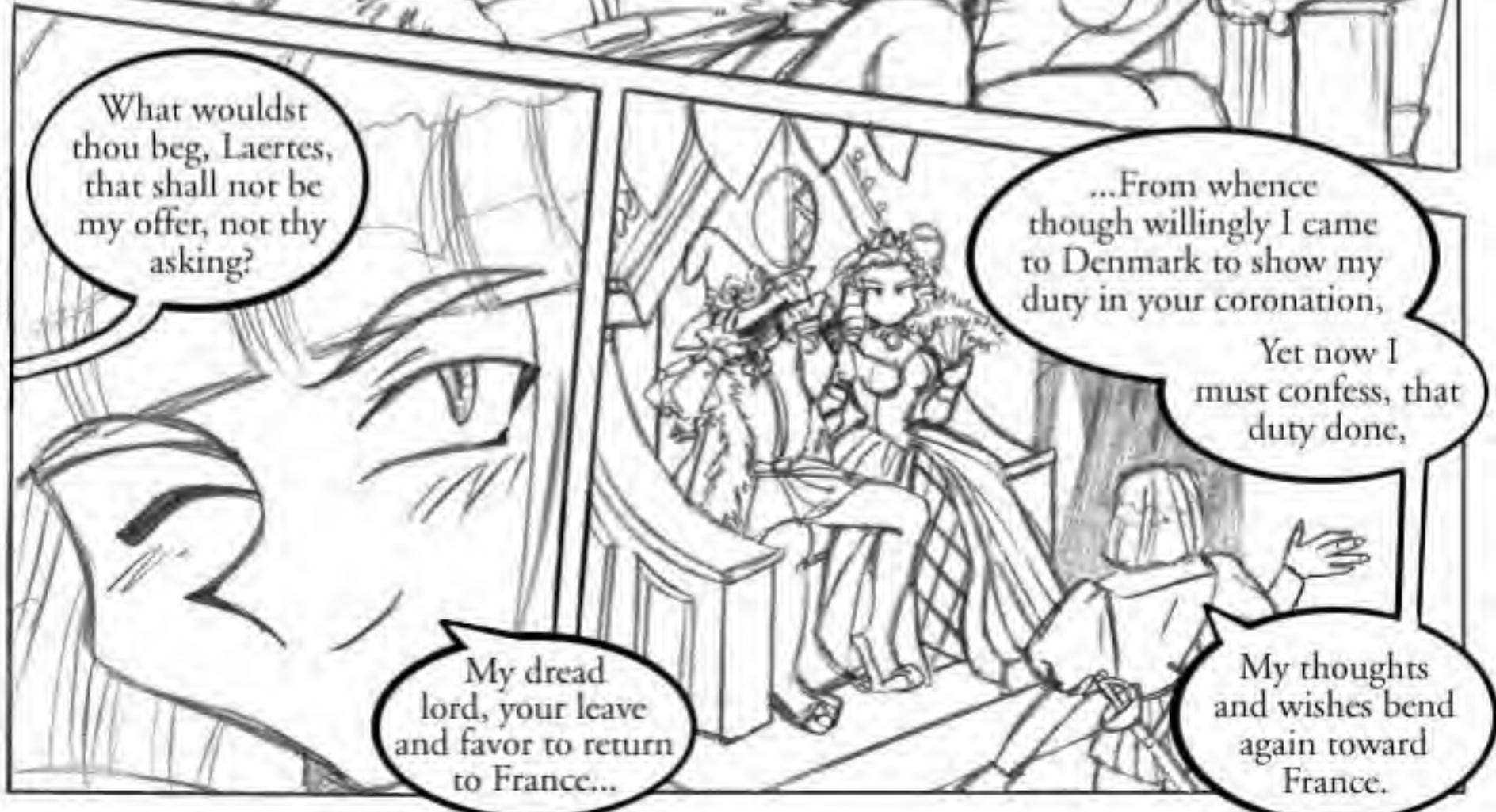
KISS...

Ohhh... \*KISS\*  
SMACK

In equal scale  
weighing delight  
and dole ... Taken  
to wife.

At this point in the story, two figures now step forward to address the king...  
The king's chief councillor, Polonius, and with him, his son, Laertes...

Uh... Your Majesty ?





But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son--

All eyes in the court now turn towards a grim figure standing in their midst. The young Prince Hamlet, who alone amongst the members of the court is still wearing black mourning clothes in remembrance of the late king. As the present king calls out his name, the shoulders of the young man can be seen to stiffen...



Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.



A little more than kin, and less than kind...





Do not forever  
with thy vaile'd lids  
seek for thy noble  
father in the dust.

Thou know'st  
'tis common; all that  
lives must die, passing  
through nature  
to eternity.

Ay, madam,  
it is common.

All living  
things MUST  
pass to eternity...  
I only wish the  
same could be said  
for that awful hat  
Zangulus is wearing.  
Doesn't he ever  
take the damn  
thing off ?

'Tis sweet and  
commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet, to give  
these mourning duties  
to your father.

But to persevere in  
obstinate condolment  
is a course of impious  
stubbornness

You are the  
most immediate to our  
throne, and with no less  
nobility of love than that  
which dearest father bears  
his son do I impart  
toward you.

For your intent  
in going back to school  
in Wittenberg, it is most  
retrograde to our desire.

Let not thy  
mother lose her prayers,  
Hamlet. I pray thee, stay  
with us. Go not to  
Wittenberg.

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. Be as ourself in Denmark.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

Madam, come...

So King Claudius and his loving queen take their leave, with the contented members of their court following close behind.

Their departure is heralded by a flourish of trumpets.

The Great Hall returns to its usual, quiet state, and the young Prince Hamlet is left to stand alone amidst its soul-less shadows...

O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt, that, and resolve itself into a dew...

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter !

Oh God, God, how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world !

'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely.

That it should come to this: But two months dead--nay, not so much, not two...

So excellent a king, that was to this, Hyperion to a satyr;

Must I remember? Why she would hang on him, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.

«I can see now why I chose MARTINA to play the role of this character...»

So loving to my mother, that he might not beteem the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly.

And yet, within a month... (Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman !)

It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue...

Hail to your lordship !

Prince Hamlet turns to find himself looking at an unexpected visitor--His best friend and college buddy, Horatio. The two men rush forward to greet each other....

Horatio !

I am very glad to see you. But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

I prithee do not mock me, fellow student. I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Indeed my lord, it followed hard upon.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven or ever I had seen that day...

Methinks I see my father...

Where, my lord ?

In my mind's eye, Horatio...

I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

He was a man. Take him for all in all. I shall not look upon his like again.

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Saw who ?

My lord, the king your father.

The king my FATHER ?

**Horatio begins to speak of the mysterious visitation he and the guardsmen had witnessed the night before. His detailed description of the ghost sends chills down Hamlet's spine, as the young prince is quick to realize that this sorrowful specter can be none other than his own recently departed and much loved father...**



Upon hearing this grim news, Hamlet decides he has no choice but to look into the matter himself...



I will watch tonight, Perchance 'twill walk again.



My father's spirit--in arms ! All is not well. I doubt some foul play...



Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes...



I warrant it will.

If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace...



And so, Hamlet and his friends rush to make ready their plans to confront the ghost...

CLINK! CLATTER!



Almost got it...Just a little more...





Well lookie here ! It's a bottle of Jack Daniels ! It appears as if SOMEONE on the theatre maintenance staff has a drinking problem...



Come on, one little nip won't hurt. And after all you've just been through, you deserve it !

No ! You CAN'T ! You need to be sober and alert to perform the sacred duties entrusted to you as the Head of Seyruun's Ministry of Culture !



You think I have such little influence over this woman ?



**2-1/2  
Seconds  
Later...**



Ladies and Gentlemen. Our next scene begins with Laertes, the son of Polonius, the king's councillor, busily preparing for his trip to France...

Helping Laertes is his younger sister, the Lady Ophelia, who is rumored to be the girlfriend of the young Prince Hamlet.



We are privileged tonight to have, playing the part of the Lady Ophelia, Seyruun's very own Princess Amelia!



And... We regret to inform you...



...That tonight, the part of Laertes will be played by that no-talent, mazoku hack, Xeloss Metallium...



BOOOO !!! BOOOOO!!!!

GO HOME !

HIS-S-S-S-S-



THIS SECTION  
RESERVED FOR:  
**GOLDEN DRAGON**

THIS SECTION  
FOR:

Err..uhh... S-Scene Three begins in the part of the castle where Polonius and his family have their private chambers...



### Scene Three...

My necessities are embarked. Farewell. And sister, as the winds give benefit and convey is assistant, do not sleep, but let me hear from you...

Do you doubt that?

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, the perfume and suppliance of a minute,

No more.

No more but so?

\*Sigh\* So far, so good. Amelia is remembering her lines and Xeloss seems to be behaving himself... ...for the moment...

Think it no more.

Just relax, will ya, Zel?

We had a couple of bugs in the first two scenes, but I think we've got everything worked out by now. It should be smooth sailing from here on in...

HEY!  
Let me  
THROUGH !!!

So try not to get too excited about-

What the hell was THAT?

I saw what happened to Rezo ! Where's he been taken ?

I MUST find him ! Rezo ! Where are you my darling ?

Eris ! What are you doing here backstage ? We have a scene going on ! Everyone must be QUIET !!!

Well, YOU'RE not being very quiet, Mr. Director Man... Tell me.... What have you done with my beloved Red Priest ?

At that moment, in the Green Room...

Okay, I think I have everything I need...

Unless you can think of something ELSE I might need...

Just some advice: Watch your step. Especially on staircases...

Well, here I go...

\*Sigh\* Rezo's understudy... Once again, I'm playing second fiddle to the great Red Priest...

I said, go away ! We're trying to perform a play here !

I'm not leaving until I've seen Rezo and made sure he's okay !

Uh-oh...

You'll find him resting in the Green Room...

Now get lost ! Shoo !



Rezo !



Gyomp!

!

Oh ! You're all right ! I was SO worried !

Eris !  
What ARE you doing ?

\*GASP\*  
Kopii !

Grrr ! Why are YOU here ? What have they done to my beloved Rezo ?

Can't be any worse than what you've done to your hair...

GRRRRR

Uh, Zel... I think we have a situation developing here...

QUIET ! An important part of the scene is coming up...

Prince Phil is about to make his big entrance...

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep as watchman to my heart.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear. Youth to itself rebels, though no one else near.

But, good my brother, do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven, whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine...

...HIMSELF the primrose path of dalliance treads...

O, fear me not...

Ahem...

I stay too long. But here my father comes...

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, and you are stayed for.

Yet here, Laertes ? Aboard, aboard for shame !

There, my blessing with thee.

And these few precepts in thy memory look thou character.

Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unprop-ortioned thought his act. Neither a borrower nor a lender be...

This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

"Look out for Number One, then. Heh. Can do..."

...For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

--And wherever you go my son... Remember to keep JUSTICE in your heart always...

Err.. JUSTICE ?

YES !  
JUSTICE !  
Become a champion of the weak...

...the poor, the oppressed ! The huddled masses yearning to breathe free !

Huddled masses ? Uh... Daddy... I don't remember reading anything like THAT in the script...

Just play along with me, okay, Amelia ? It's time to show this audience some REAL acting ! Let's dazzle them with Justice Speech #78 !

Think of each day as a new chance to bring peace and light into the world !

Uh...Phil... Amelia... Don't you guys think you're going just a little TOO far off script here ?

Our illustrious director isn't going to like this...

At that moment, backstage...

Uh. Okay...

Fight for the truth with a pure heart and victory will always be yours !

WHAT are Prince Phil and Amelia DOING??!!



«Polonius ! Your line is, "The time invests you... Go, your servants tend !"»

The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.

«I know ! I know !»

Ahem.... Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well what I have said to you...

«Lucky me... \*Groan\*...»

Farewell....

"Tis in my memory locked, And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

With his son now departing for France, Polonius now turns his attention towards his daughter, using this meeting as a chance to dispense some worthwhile fatherly advice...

What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders of his affection to me....

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Affection, puh ! You speak like a green girl unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his "tenders" as you call them ?

Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby, that you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, which are not sterling.

My lord, he hath importuned me with love in honorable fashion--

Well... It SEEMS everything's getting back on track, but I can't help but wonder what's going to go wrong next...

## Backstage...

Allright, I'm ready for the next scene. Where do I go ?

I've... taken care of Eris. You won't have to worry about her anymore...

Oh my... You didn't KILL her again, did you ?

I thought you and Eris were going to fight each other. What happened ?

Of course not ! Nowadays, I know better than to resort to such irrational methods when it comes to dealing with my problems...

I dealt with her in a mature and efficient manner...

I can't SEE ! Kopii ! You big DUMB JERK !!

I can't see ! I can't SEE !

Oh. So THAT would explain why you're dressed like that...

Allright ! From now on, I want everyone to shut up and behave themselves !

Kopii, get your helmet back and get ready to make your big entrance.

As soon as Phil and Amelia finish out there, the curtain goes up !

Look to--  
....ARGGGH!!

In few, Ophelia, do not believe his vows, for they are specious.

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth have you slander any moment leisure as to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to it, I charge you. Come your ways !

This is the first time... I've ever had to make a speech...

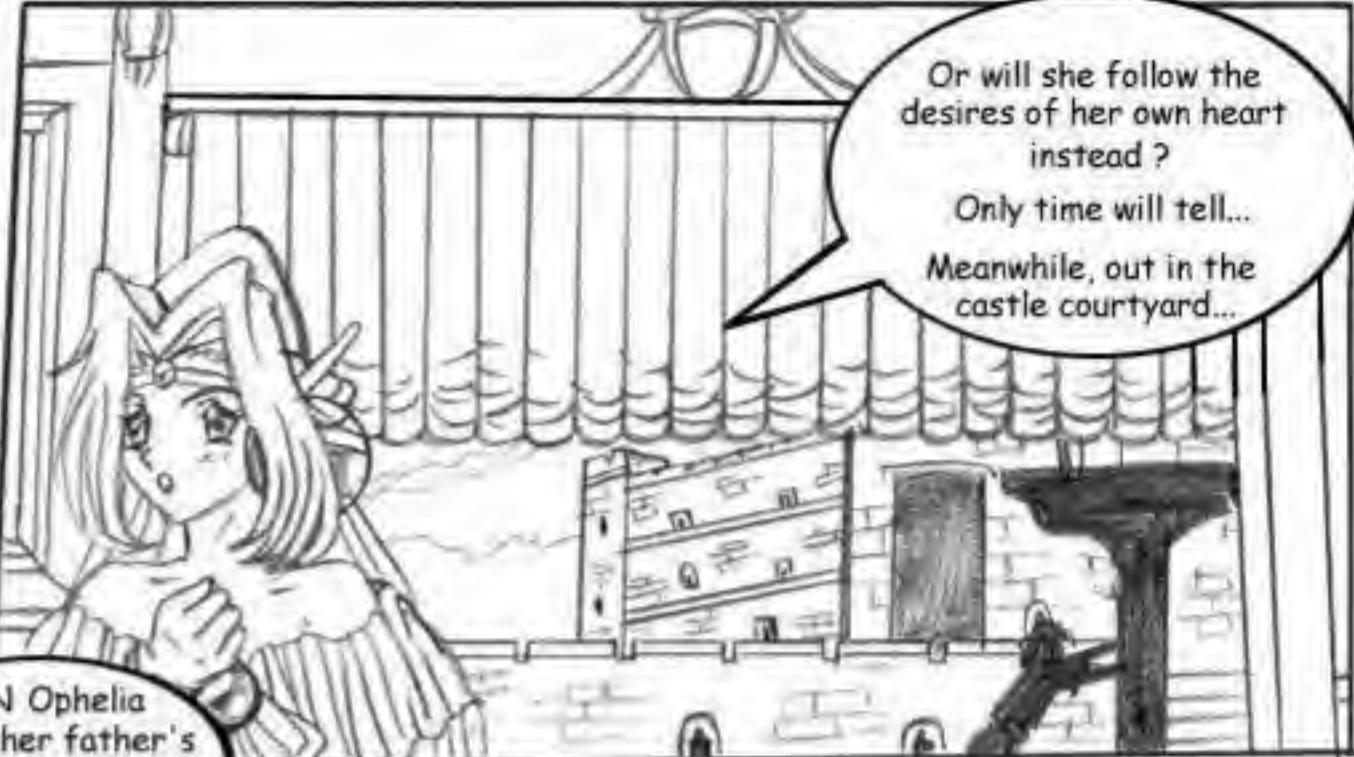
...without being able to use the word, "JUSTICE" anywhere in it...

I shall obey, my lord.

What is it, Daddy ?

Hang in there, Daddy... We're almost done with the scene...

And so, Polonius warns his daughter about the dangers she is risking...







I will.



My hour is almost come when I to sulf'rous and tormenting flames must render up myself.



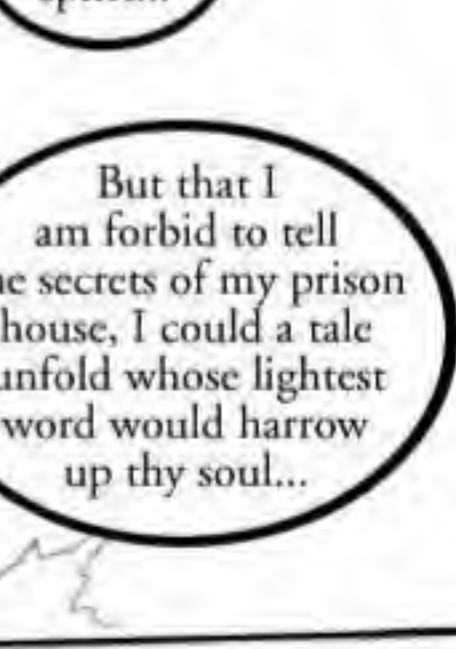
Alas, poor ghost !



Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.



Speak, I am bound to hear.



So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.



What?



I am thy father's spirit...



Doomed for a certain term to walk the night and for the day confined to fast in fires till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away.



But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul...



But this eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list ! If thou didst ever thy dear father love...



Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder !



MURDER ?



Murder  
most foul.



I find  
thee apt;



Now, Hamlet,  
hear. 'Tis given out  
that, sleeping in my  
orchard, a serpent  
stung me.



So the whole  
ear of Denmark  
is by a forged  
process of my  
death rankly  
abused.



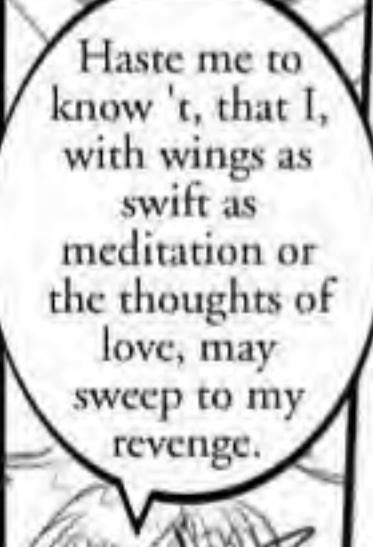
But know, thou  
noble youth, the serpent  
that did sting thy  
father's life now wears  
his crown.



Ay, that  
incestuous, that  
adulterate beast,  
with witchcraft  
of his wit, with  
traitorous  
gifts--



O, my  
prophetic soul !  
My uncle !



Haste me to  
know 't, that I,  
with wings as  
swift as  
meditation or  
the thoughts of  
love, may  
sweep to my  
revenge.



From me,  
whose love was of  
that dignity that  
it went hand in hand  
even with the vow I  
made to her in  
marriage, and to  
decline upon a wretch  
whose natural gifts  
were poor to those  
of mine...



--won to his  
shameful lust the  
will of my seeming-  
virtuous queen.



O, Hamlet,  
what a falling off  
was there !



But soft, methinks  
I scent the morning air.  
Brief let me be....

Sleeping within my orchard,  
my custom always of the  
afternoon....

Upon my secure  
hour, thy uncle stole...



Thus was I, sleeping, by  
a brother's hand, of life,  
of crown, of queen  
at once dispatched...



O horrible, O  
horrible, most  
horrible ! If thou  
hast nature in thee,  
bear it not.

Let not the royal  
bed of Denmark be a  
couch for luxury and  
damned incest.

Adieu,  
adieu, adieu.  
Remember  
me...

As the rising sun  
approaches, the old king  
exhorts his son to seek  
justice for the crime  
committed against  
him.

Fare thee well  
at once. The glowworm  
shows the matin to  
be near and 'gins to  
pale his uneffectual  
fire.

Ay, thou poor  
ghost, whiles memory  
holds a seat in this  
distracted globe--

WHO-AAHHH!!

**CRASSSHH !!**

RATTLE !

THUD !

Son of a--  
YAAAAAGHH!!!  
OW !!!



And now,  
good friends, give  
me one poor  
request.

What is 't,  
my lord ? We  
will...

Never make  
known what you have  
seen tonight.

Swear upon  
my sword.

Urrk....  
Swear.

Swear  
by his  
sword.

O day and  
night, but this  
is wondrous  
strange.

There are  
more things in  
heaven and  
earth,  
Horatio...

Than are  
dreamt of in  
your  
philosophy.

But come.

I perchance  
hereafter shall think  
meet to put an antic  
disposition on—

Swearffffurk...

Uh-oh...  
errr...ahhh...  
Rest, rest  
perturbed  
spirit...

It looks  
like he IS  
resting.  
Director  
Man...

Uh,  
I think  
he may be  
UN-  
CON-  
SCIOUS.

\*Sigh\*

So gentlemen,  
With all my love  
I do command me  
to you...

Let us go  
in together.  
And still  
your fingers  
on your lips,  
I pray...

The time is  
out of joint.  
O cursed  
spite !

That ever I  
was born to set  
it right !

Okay ladies.  
You grab Kopil's  
arms, Gourry and  
I will grab his  
legs...

And so, our first act concludes with our noble hero staring bleak Destiny in the face, his world lying in shattered pieces at his feet, with deceit and darkness looming over him like a cold shadow...

For Hamlet  
knows  
that it is he alone  
who must rid his  
kingdom of the  
evil which now  
infests it. But  
how to set about  
such a daunting  
task is a matter  
which fills him  
with worry...

After all, his adversary is none other than the most powerful man in the kingdom, his own uncle. Will Hamlet have what it takes to successfully carry out his crusade for justice? Or will he be crushed underfoot by the forces which will surely seek to destroy him?

Stay  
tuned  
for  
ACT  
TWO !

**And so,  
the first  
act of  
our play  
has come  
to a  
success-  
ful  
end...**



**...chief among  
them, the sanity  
of a certain  
chimera...**



Well, Mr. Zelgadis, perhaps YOUR kind of productions aren't the kind of things that the Seyruun Royal Ministry of Culture SHOULD be sponsoring. This play of yours DOES seem excessively gloomy... Perhaps our grant money could best be spent elsewhere...



It would explain why you cast Amelia in the role of the female lead, even though she's nothing LIKE Ophelia. And even though there are better actresses around who could--

Of course I would! And with Amelia's upbeat outlook on life, she'd make a much more ideal Horatio...

Actresses like YOU, you mean? You think YOU'd make a good tragic heroine?

No. It wouldn't work. She's got too much of a figure...

Oh, I SEE... SHE'S got too much of a figure...

Is that the REAL reason you made her your love interest in this play Mr. Director?

No! NO! I gave her the lead because... she's not as good an actress as you are!

What I mean is, she's good enough to play the female lead, but she's not good enough to play a man...

Er... She hasn't got YOUR versatility...

...is a FIGURE!

No, she hasn't... All SHE'S got...

Yes! Exactly! NO! WAAAAAIIITTT !!!

FIREBALL!!

Nice going,  
Lina...  
\*coff coff\*  
Vrumugen ! Get  
the fire  
extinguisher !  
\*COFF!\*

Well folks,  
it's First Inter-  
mission time ! And this  
is Princess Amelia  
wil Tesla  
Seyruun !

Speaking to  
you as a duly  
appointed  
representative  
of the Royal  
Seyruun  
Ministry of  
Culture...  
...And on  
behalf of the  
head of the  
Ministry, who has  
stepped out for a  
while, probably on  
some...important  
business...

Naga in the sk-y-y-y with  
diamonds ! (Hic !) ♫  
Naga in the sk-y-y-y with  
diamonds ! ♫

So, in  
her place, I  
shall be out  
and about visiting  
with the  
esteemed  
members of  
tonight's  
audience...

...But first I'd  
like to thank several  
groups who've made it out  
to tonight's play, among  
them, the Atlas City Brass  
Rackets Association, and the  
Sacred Sisterhood of the  
Fascist Feminists of  
Femille...

Hello,  
Princess.  
We are grateful  
to have received  
your invitation to  
tonight's  
performance. We  
are enjoying it  
immensely.

Oh, and I'd like  
to give a special thank-  
you to Mr. Serius and Mr.  
Elrobos who've come here  
all the way from the  
Overworld...

\*snort\*  
Has it ended  
yet ?

Are we not,  
Elrobos ?

Hm. I thought we had invited Mr. Almace too. Where might he be?

I am sorry I am late. Have I missed much of the performance?

My apologies. I had difficulty in finding a place to park.

Here I am...

Only the entire first act...

Yes, Serius and I have noticed that your time-management skills seem to be sorely lacking...

As are many of your other skills...

Might I suggest, princess, that the Atlas City Council look into ways of providing adequate special-events parking for the benefit of those of its visitors who may try to attend such occasions?

I believe that these and other perceived shortcomings of yours...

Might WE suggest, Almace, that the next time you try to attend a special event in another universe that you plan on starting out earlier?

...Are what led Elrobos into believing that it was necessary to terminate you towards the end of TRY... Keep that in mind, will you?

You know, Serius, Vegeta from Dragonball Z called me recently... He wants you to give him his hairstyle back.

WHAT was that you just said?

Nothing, Pinky. Don't worry your pointy little head about it. Now move your ass so I can sit down...



STUNNED SILENCE



# Hamlet: the Manga Act Two



In the first act of our story, the young Prince Hamlet learned of the shocking murder of his beloved father by his scheming and power-hungry Uncle Claudius...



Some months have now passed since the night of that terrible discovery, and during that time, our hero has begun to undergo an unsettling change in personality...



Those who are closest to the prince have begun to notice his slow and inexorable slide into melancholy and despair, but as to what could be the cause of such behavior...

...to most people, THAT remains a profound mystery...



Still, life goes on within the confines of the castle...



As Scene One opens, we see the Lady Ophelia sitting in her chambers, hard at work with her usual, wholesome pursuits...



During the past few weeks, she has obeyed her father's command to stay away from her beloved Hamlet, so she is thus far completely unaware of the strange change in behavior which has come over him...



Damn you, Lina ! Of all the things you could've done, why'd you have to FIREBALL me ?

Now my costume's ruined ! I'll have to get Rezo to cast one of his "Time-Reversal" spells on it to get it back in order...

My my, Zelgadis. That's quite a make-up job you've done on yourself ! It really DOES look like you've just been loosed out of hell !

Make-up ?

AHEM ! ALL THAT IS ABOUT TO CHANGE AS THE PALE, HAGGARD FIGURE OF HER PRINCE NOW LOOMS AT HER FROM THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY DOORWAY !!!

Come ON, Zelgadis, LOOM already !

Hey, Mr. Olivier... Isn't that your cue ?

Wha-- ?

Oh DAMN ! Hold on ! I'm coming !!!

Gee, I wonder what's taking Mr. Zelgadis so long to--

GASP !

EEK !!!



For a few terrifying moments, his reddened eyes run down the length of her body, examining her from head to toe. Then, after what seems like an eternity, he lets out a long sigh and stumbles back out of the room, his cold eyes never leaving her for a second.

My lord,  
as I was sewing  
in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet,  
with his doublet  
all unbraced...

His  
stockings fouled,  
ungartered, and  
down-gyvèd to  
his ankle, pale  
as his shirt, his  
knees knocking  
each other,

And with a  
look so piteous  
in purport...

As if he had  
been loosed out  
of hell to speak  
of horrors--

he comes  
before me.

Mad for  
thy love ?

My lord, I  
do not know...

But truly  
I do fear it.

What said  
he ?

He took me by the wrist  
and held me hard. Then goes he to the length of  
all his arm, and, with the  
other hand thus o'er his  
brow, he falls to such  
perusal of my face, as he  
would draw it.

Long stayed he so. At last, a  
little shaking of mine arm, and  
thrice his head thus waving up  
and down, he raised a sigh so  
piteous and profound  
as it did seem to shatter  
all his bulk and end  
his being.



That done, he lets me go and, with his head over his shoulder turned, he seemed to find his way without his eyes, for out o'doors he went without their helps...



And to the last bended their light on me.



Come, go with me. I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,



Um, Daddy... I thought we weren't going to do anymore of that JUSTICE stuff tonight... Mr. Zelgadis doesn't like it...



Whose violent property fordoes itself and leads the will to desperate undertakings as oft as any passions under heaven--like, for instance, the passion for JUSTICE !!!!



No, my good lord, but as you did command I did repel his letters and denied his access to me.



Wha--?  
Oh yeah.  
Right...  
FINE, then...  
  
\*AHEM!\*

I am sorry. What, have you given him any hard words of late?



That hath made  
him mad. I am sorry that  
with better heed and judgment  
I had not coted him. I feared he  
did but trifile and meant to  
wrack thee.

But beshrew  
my jealousy !

Come, go  
we to the  
King.  
This must  
be known,  
which, being  
kept close,  
might  
move...



Being a man  
of an ambitious nature,  
he is no doubt pleased at  
the thought that his  
daughter might become  
the next Queen of  
Denmark...

But as  
he'll soon learn and  
as we'll soon see,  
ambition makes for a  
dangerous compass to  
guide one's actions  
by...



Certain in  
his mind that he  
now knows the true  
cause for Hamlet's  
disturbing behavior...





Gee, you'd think a guy as big as him would be hard to lose...

Th-There he is ! Over there !

Heh. Don't worry. I'm here. I wouldn't miss this for the world. This'll be fun, won't it, Xelloss, ol' buddy ?

Why yes... My, my, Garv. You're looking well. Is that a new trenchcoat I see you wearing ?

GASP !  
Garv ! Why ARE you wearing that ? Why aren't you in your costume ?

It's stylish, but don't you think it's a little out of period for the time this play is set in ?

This IS my costume ! I'm going out on stage like this. You got a problem with that ?

OF COURSE  
I do ! People didn't wear trenchcoats in the Middle Ages ! And they didn't sling swords over their shoulders like that, either !

You got any proof of that, Stone Boy ?

GACK !!

Uhhh...

No... Not really. I suppose it isn't THAT big a deal...

After all, a little historical anachronism never hurt any play...

Now. Help me up. I have to get the next scene started...

Aww. Do you have to get up? It feels kinda nice with both of us lying here on the floor together...

Yes, but I would've preferred that we keep the tragedy confined to the stage where it belongs!

I'm wise to all your tricks. Nothing you do is going to faze me. I know you're the type that will do ANYTHING to get a rise out of someone.

Knock it off, Xellos. If you think that "yaoi routine" of yours is going to upset me tonight, you're wrong.

...even wear a ridiculously oversized codpiece, which I KNOW isn't part of the costume I designed for you and which, frankly, doesn't impress me much...

Codpiece? I'm not wearing any codpiece, Zelgadis...

A A H H H!!!  
A  
A  
A  
A Y

Mr. Zelgadis--

Heh heh. I have to say, Zelgadis, that I certainly DO get a "rise" out of teasing you...

## Act 2 Scene 2

As was mentioned before, those close to Hamlet have begun to notice his descent into madness and melancholy...



King Claudius and Queen Gertrude, out of concern for the young prince, now try to get to the bottom of his strange behavior.

They send a message to two of Hamlet's close boyhood friends, a pair of noblemen who go by the names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. King Claudius hopes that by having these gentlemen speak with Hamlet, that they will be able to find out what's ultimately troubling the boy.



Once the two men arrive at the castle, the king summons them to the throne room to meet with them.

Playing the part of Rosencrantz, will be the mazoku lord, Gaav, the Demon Dragon King...

And the part of Guildenstern, then, will be played by the mazoku lord of the underworld, Hellmaster Phibrizzo...

<<...Although why Zelgadis would want to give roles to these mazoku scum is beyond me...>>

I-I don't know if I can go through with this scene. Why does it have to be THOSE MONSTERS ?

Be brave, darling.. We'll get through this allright...







I entreat you  
both that, being of  
so young days brought  
up with him...



POLISH  
POLISH  
POLISH



...that you  
vouchsafe your rest here  
in our court some little  
time, so by your companies  
to draw him on to  
pleasures,



...and to gather  
so much as from occasion  
you may glean, [whether  
aught to us unknown  
afflicts him thus] that,  
opened, lies within our  
remedy.



Good gentlemen,  
he hath much talked of  
you, and sure I am two men  
there is not living to whom  
he more adheres...



Sweaty  
palms.  
Ick.



If it will please  
you to show us so  
much gentry and good-  
will as to expend your  
time with us a while...



For the supply  
and profit of our  
hope, your visitation  
shall receive such  
thanks--



As fits a king's  
remembrance.



Rosencrantz  
steps forward with  
a reply for the  
royal couple.



Grr ! You  
irritating little  
Hellmaggot ! I'M  
Rosencrantz !

No you're  
NOT ! You're a big  
ugly stupid-head !  
I'M Rosencrantz !

By the way, Garv,  
Inspector Gadget  
called ! He wants his  
wardrobe back !

Oh yeah ? Well,  
Barney the Purple  
Dinosaur called, he wants  
YOU to be the president  
of his fan club !

Gaaahhh...  
Does not !  
Does too !  
JERK !  
Hellbrat !

Would you  
two get it together  
and stop  
FIGHTING ?!!

FREAK !

SQUIRT !

\*Sigh\*  
Well, it looks  
like THIS could  
go on for a  
while...

Big orange baboon !  
Short-panted, girly-  
voiced bratling !

Face-which-  
scares-small-  
children-man !

Stop it ! I  
mean it ! C'mon you guys !  
Stop fighting ! You're both  
thousands of years old !  
Why can't you be a little  
more mature ?

Funny-Faced-  
wets-his-own-  
pants-Bastard-  
Boy !

Heh, Martina.  
It now seems like  
we have some free  
time on our  
hands...

Yes,  
darling. It  
does...



You know,  
all of this shouting  
and releasing of  
passionate emotion gives  
me the mind to do  
something I've been  
itching to do all  
evening...



CHOOOM

And what  
might THAT be,  
Zangie ?



Zangie ?



Gourry ! I  
challenge you to a duel !  
Quick ! Grab your sword of  
Light and meet me in the  
back of the theater !

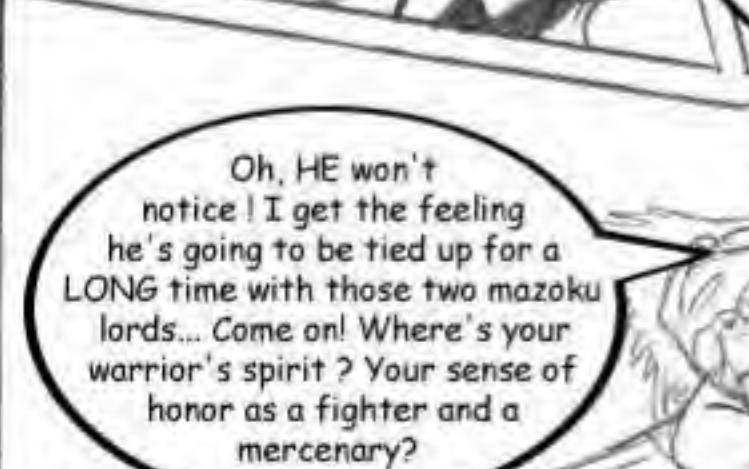
Gee, I  
dunno...



Come on !  
This is the  
perfect chance to  
finally find out which  
of us is the best  
swordsman of all !  
I have my Howling  
Sword with me...



Umm...but...  
Zelgadis might not  
like it if we went off  
to fight a duel...



Oh, HE won't  
notice ! I get the feeling  
he's going to be tied up for a  
LONG time with those two mazoku  
lords... Come on ! Where's your  
warrior's spirit ? Your sense of  
honor as a fighter and a  
mercenary ?



W-Well... I  
left my Sword of  
Light in my dressing  
room. I'll have to go  
get it !

Oh NO, you don't, Gourry ! You're not going to get yourself into a fight NOW !

You're going to stay here and help us FINISH this stupid play so we can have us that cast party buffet as soon as possible !

Oh...I suppose...

Oh well. By the time I fetched my Sword of Light, Zel might be done arguing with the dark lords anyway...

HERE you are, Gourry ! Your Sword of Light ! I took the liberty of fetching it for you !

So now you WILL have the time to fight your duel if you want to !

Xelloss ? Just WHAT do you think you're up to ?

You're not against the idea of "friendship", are you ?

Encouraging these two men to fight each other at a time like this ! You're up to your old game of trying to cause chaos and trouble !

Not at all, Filia ! I'm just trying to help out a dear old friend...

Come on, Lina ! Cut it out already ! Whatever I did, I'm SORRY !

No. Just the idea of YOU.

Vikes ! I'm sure glad I don't have some SHREWISH woman making MY life a total misery...

Ha ! Sure you are ! All you men ever think about is engaging in stupid and pointless violence !

!

ZANGULUS !!!!



WOULD YOU ALL STOP FIGHTING AND ACT LIKE CIVILIZED PEOPLE FOR JUST FIVE FREAKIN' MINUTES ?!!



WELL!

Geez, Director Man. Don't have a COW...

Can we get you anything ? A glass of water ? Some chewable Prozac ? A psychiatrist, maybe ?

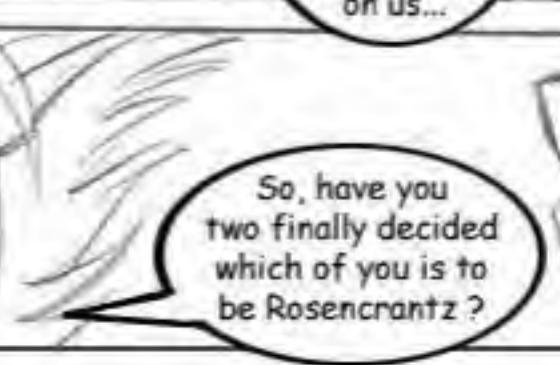
PANT !  
PANT !  
PANT !



Man ! I've never seen anyone lose their temper so quickly...



Yeah. This guy's got some major control issues. We'd better watch ourselves. He could snap and go psycho on us...



So, have you two finally decided which of you is to be Rosencrantz ?



Not yet, but I'm sure if we try, we can come up with a way to settle this matter...

There must  
be some kind of  
civilized solution  
we can reach...

SOME kind of  
non-violent com-  
promise we could  
work out...

\*Sigh\*

Hmmmm...



F  
S  
S  
H  
H  
H  
H

Huh ?  
What th-?

Whoops.

I reaaaally oughta  
get out of the habit of  
snapping my fingers like  
that whenever I get a  
great idea... Oh well...

Live and  
learn. Eh,  
Garv ?

Owww...



Gee, I'm  
real SORRY,  
Gary!



Honestly, Gary!  
I thought I had the  
SAFETY on this thing!  
REALLY!



Well, don't  
think for a minute,  
Hellbrat, that THIS  
is gonna stop  
me!

I'm still IN  
this play! And  
I'M gonna be the  
one playing  
Rosencrantz! You  
GOT THAT?!



Okay!  
Okay! You  
can be  
Rosencrantz!  
The part's  
all yours!

Geez Gary, you're  
almost getting to be as big  
a crybaby as that spiky-  
haired servant of yours...

OH  
MY  
GOD !!

Garv-sama !  
What have they  
done to you ?!

Hold on, master !  
I'm coming ! Wait  
for me !

I'll make  
them all pay for  
this, Garv-sama,  
I promise !

HEY !  
Watchit ! Your  
tears are  
splattering me  
all over the  
place !

Oh, don't  
start CRYING  
now...

\*Sniff\*  
How dare they...  
How DARE they  
do THIS to your  
illustrious  
person...

Okay. If we all  
calm down and put  
our heads together, we  
should be able to get this  
play back on track.

Gertrude !  
Where are you ?  
Gertrude ?

Okay everyone,  
let's start behaving  
like professional  
actors, okay ? I want  
us to go back to the  
part in the scene where  
Queen Gertrude says  
her first line...

HA-  
HAAAAA !!!

Now you see !  
NO ONE can oppose  
the servants of the mighty  
Zoamelgustav without  
reaping the fury of  
his wrath ! Ha !

His dreadful  
curse is upon ye,  
O ye scoffing  
unbeliever !

You shrill,  
brazen  
BITCH ! How  
DARE you mock  
the mighty  
Garv-sama !

Watch it,  
Horn Boy...

YOU watch  
it, Freaky  
Hat Man...

Yeagh ! Get  
that...THING out  
of my face !

Yeagh ! Get  
that...THING outta  
my face !

YOUR wife,  
you insolent  
bounty hunter !

Hey ! Whose  
wife are you calling  
a bitch ?

Gentlemen !  
PLEASE ! No more  
fights !

We've GOT to get  
this play up and running again.  
I know ! We'll skip forward  
in the script...

We'll jump ahead to the  
part in the scene where Hamlet  
first runs into his old friends,  
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

The only people who need  
to be on stage are those in  
that part of the scene. The rest  
of you, CLEAR OFF !

Mmmmm....

**And so, within a short time, order is restored to the stage and our intrepid little band of performers are are once again able to resume their production...**

**Filia, our fair narrator, takes to the stage to create the setting for the next part of the scene...**

We now continue with Scene Two, at a point in the story where Hamlet meets up with a pair of unexpected visitors...

It all begins one afternoon, as Hamlet is taking his daily stroll through the castle...

Ahem. We would like to thank our audience for its patience and understanding as we iron out some of our... creative difficulties...

...his mind heavy with thoughts of gloom and doom (as usual). But on this day, who should he see coming towards him down a dark corridor but his old school chums, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern...

I'M  
ROSENCRANTZ !!!

\*SIGH\*

Er-HEM...

My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz !

Good lads, how do you both ?

Happy in that we are not overhappy. On Fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

As the indifferent children of the Earth,

Neither, my lord.

Faith, her privates we...

Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors ?

In the secret parts of Fortune ? O, most true ! She is a strumpet.

HEY ! Wait a minute !

"Her PRIVATES we?"  
(Y'know, I just realized there may be SOME dialogue in this play that might not be suitable for children like me.)

YOU are NOT a child...

You're a centuries old mazoku lord !

And a very SENSITIVE one at that.  
And one who had no idea he'd be exposed to this kind of smut when he agreed to sign on to do this play...

...deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison thither ?

Prison, my lord ?

Denmark's a prison.

\*Sigh\*  
What have you, my good friends...

Then is the world one.

A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.

We think not so, my lord.

Why then, 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

To me. It is a prison. What make you at Elsinore ?

Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come, deal justly with me.

Hamlet's tone and attitude towards his old friends suddenly changes, as he begins to suspect the true reason behind their visit. He correctly surmises that his parents may have summoned them to Elsinore in order to spy on him.

You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color.

To what end, my lord?

I will tell you why...I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises,

...this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire--why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.

\*Sigh\* This... is SO boring. Remind me, at what point do the flowery speeches end and the mindless, bloody violence begins?

and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory.

Keep your tights on, kid. It ain't far a while yet. As far as flowery speeches go, this Hamlet guy is just warming up...

What a piece of work is a man...

...how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties,

in form and moving how express and admirable!

In action, how like an angel...

In apprehension, how like a god.

The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!

And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

GRR ! YOU LITTLE HELLMONKEY ! I WILL GET YOU BACK FOR DOING THIS TO ME ! I MEAN IT !

THAT'S IT ! I am outta here ! But don't think this is the last you'll be hearing from me tonight, half-pint ! I'll find SOME way to get my revenge on you...

Dust, (or in YOUR case, Rosencrantz, ASH...)

Temper, temper, G-Man. Tell you what. You behave yourself now and when this is all over, I'll get you a nice, shiny new urn to live in. Whattaya say ?



Is it time  
for us to go  
out on stage  
yet?

Not yet. We  
wait until we hear  
the trumpets, THEN  
we go out... I  
think...

Rosencran--I mean,  
Guildenstern tells Hamlet about  
a band of travelling actors he had  
come upon while on his journey to  
Elsinore. At his request, the players  
have agreed to follow him to the  
castle where they have now  
just arrived...

Who'd  
you get to  
be the  
players?  
Anyone I'd  
know?

So....  
Director  
Man...

From that  
expression on your  
face, it looks like you  
expect to have some  
trouble with them.

Oooh. I'm  
sure the odds of THAT  
happening are REAL  
good...

They're a  
band of...experienced  
performers. Favorites  
of Prince Phil...

No. There  
shouldn't be any  
trouble. Not if they  
play their parts the  
way I told them  
to...

The travelling  
players now enter  
the castle, amid a  
loud flourish of  
trumpets.

Y'know something,  
kid? Even if you WEREN'T  
a dark lord, you'd still  
give me the chills....

\*Sigh\*  
Okay...  
Bring it  
on...

**BLAT!**

That's it !  
That's our cue !  
Time to move  
out !

Ahhh...

I have GOT  
to have a word with  
those trumpet  
players...

Evil-doers  
of the world,  
**BEWARE !!**

!?

Your days  
are numbered ! The  
Hour of JUSTICE  
is at hand !!

And we, the  
agents of eternal,  
burning JUSTICE  
will show you no  
mercy !

Behold !  
We are here, to  
cast light upon the  
path of righteousness !

Who the  
HELL are  
THEY ?

Oh no...

Hi there,  
folks ! We're the  
Peacemen Players !  
Denmark's first All-  
JUSTICE theater  
troupe !

No kidding.  
You look more like  
Denmark's  
OLDEST theater  
troupe...

\*SIGH\*

«Hi there,  
sonny ! We're here !  
What did you think of  
our big entrance ?»

Gentlemen,  
you are welcome  
to Elsinore...

Hiya folks !

No autographs  
until after the play  
is over, okay  
kids ?

I SAID,  
YOU'RE  
WEARING THE  
WRONG  
COSTUMES !!  
YOU'RE ALL  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE DRESSED  
LIKE MEDIEVAL  
ACTORS !!!

«Even if you ARE  
wearing the wrong kind  
of costumes... You were all  
supposed to be dressed up as  
medieval Danish actors...»

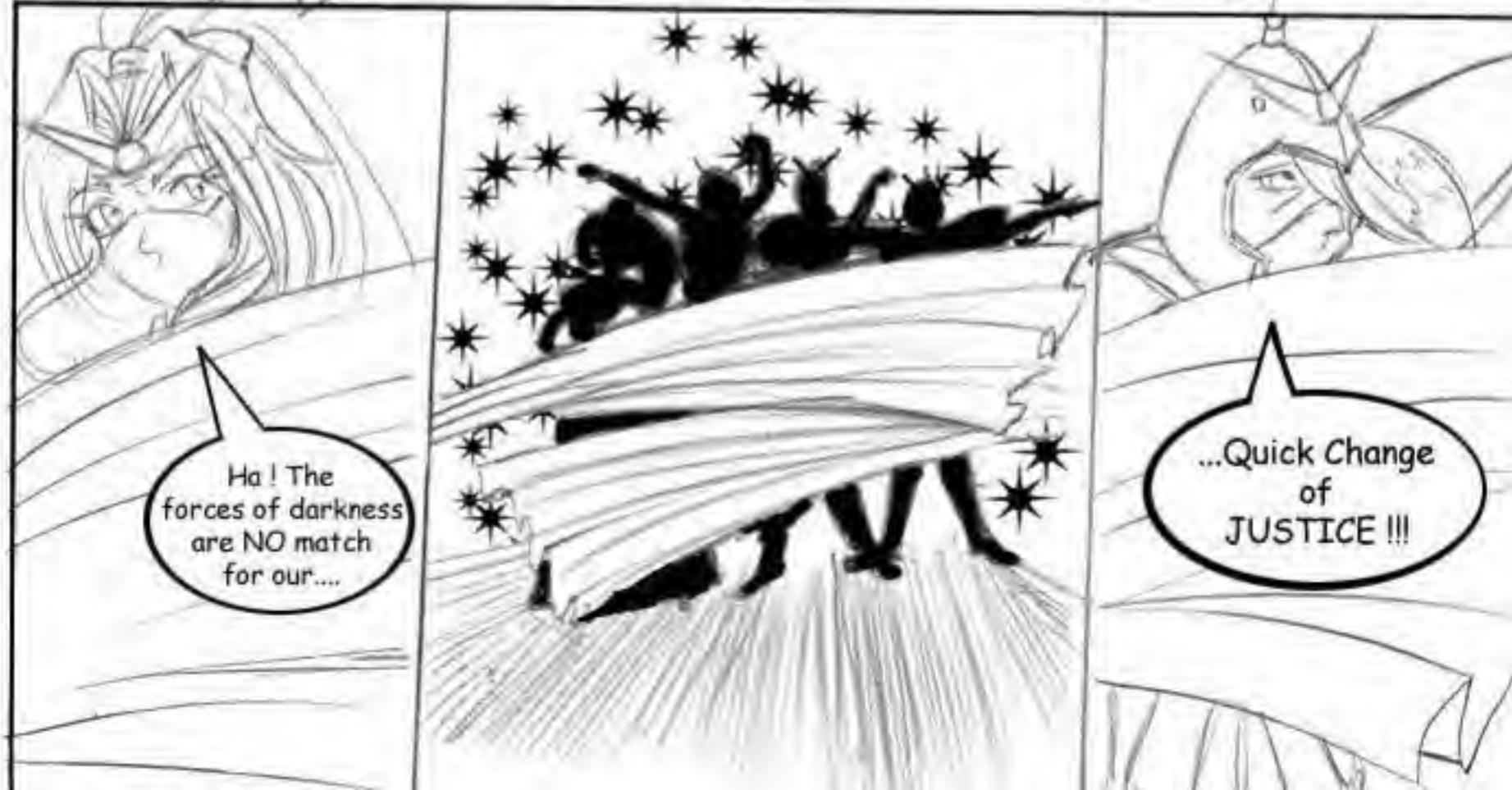
What's that,  
Sonny ? I can't  
hear you. Speak  
up a bit...

Oh well,  
we'll have that fixed  
in a jiffy once we've  
finished our grand, Super-  
Chango, Transformation  
Sequence !

Your  
grand wha-zah?

ALLRIGHT  
EVERYBODY !  
It's MORPHING  
TI-- (whoops,  
copyright) -- IT'S  
SUPER-CHANGO  
TIME !!

HAI !!



# WOOSH!!



RUSTLE

RUSTLE



Peacemen  
Players  
Shakespearean  
Super-Chango  
Sequence  
**COMPLETE!**



Oh William...  
A sentai transformation  
sequence in a  
Shakespearean play...  
\*SIGH\*

Welllll  
cheer up....  
Coulda been  
worse...

And just  
HOW, Demon Seed,  
could it have been  
any WORSE ?

Welllll, it  
coulda been one of  
those mildly titillating,  
NUDE Sailor Moon-type  
sentai transformation  
sequences...

That.....is true...

Glad you  
guys could  
make it...

GENTLEMEN, You  
are MOST  
WELCOME !!!

Hey, Your  
Highness ! Thanks for  
lettin' us in on this  
play gig. We sure do  
appreciate it !

Well, it's  
the least I can do  
for fellow warriors  
of Justice !

What did you  
think of our latest  
special effects,  
Prince ?

Excellent !  
You'll have to teach  
me how to do that  
sometime...

But of course !  
You know, in this day  
and age, acrobatics and  
amateur dramatics will  
only take you so far as a  
warrior of Justice...

...but if you've  
got some show-stopping  
special effects in your  
repertoire, then you have  
a potent weapon in your  
arsenal of--

Polonius....  
Oh, Polonius....  
.....  
POLONIUS !

**POLONIUS !!**

If I might have a word  
with the players...

(You and the "Geezers of Justice"  
can talk shop later..).

Ahem....

You are welcome  
masters, welcome all--  
I am glad to see thee  
well...

Welcome, good  
friends...

What, my young  
lady and mistress ! By'r Lady,  
your ladyship is nearer to  
heaven than when I saw you  
last by the altitude of a  
chopine. Pray God your  
voice, like a piece of  
uncurrent gold, be not  
cracked within the  
ring.

Oh my...

**HEE HEE  
HEE HEE HEE**

Good my lord,  
will you see the players  
well bestowed ?

Follow him,  
friends. We'll hear a  
play tomorrow.

Hold it,  
Player One...  
  
YOU stay  
here...

Somewhere in  
the depths of Hamlet's  
mind, a plan is brewing.  
A plan by which he hopes to  
expose his uncle's treachery.  
At this time, the prince pulls  
the leader of the players  
aside to have a private  
word with him.

Dost thou hear me,  
old friend ? Can you play  
"The Murder of Gonzago ?"

Say, "Ay,  
my lord..."

Uh... Ay,  
my lord...

We'll ha't tomorrow  
night. You could, for a  
need, study a speech of  
some dozen or sixteen  
lines, which I would set  
down and insert in't,  
could you not ?

Uhhh...

Say, "Ay,  
my lord..."

Ay, my  
lord...

Very well.  
Follow Polonius.

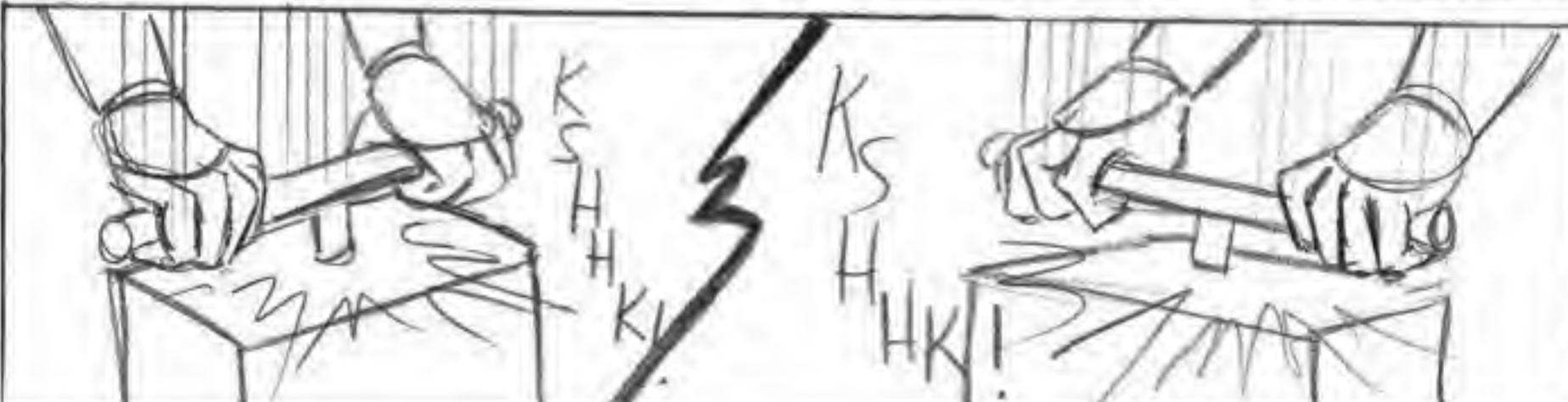
You don't  
say "Ay, my  
lord," THIS  
time, you  
just leave !

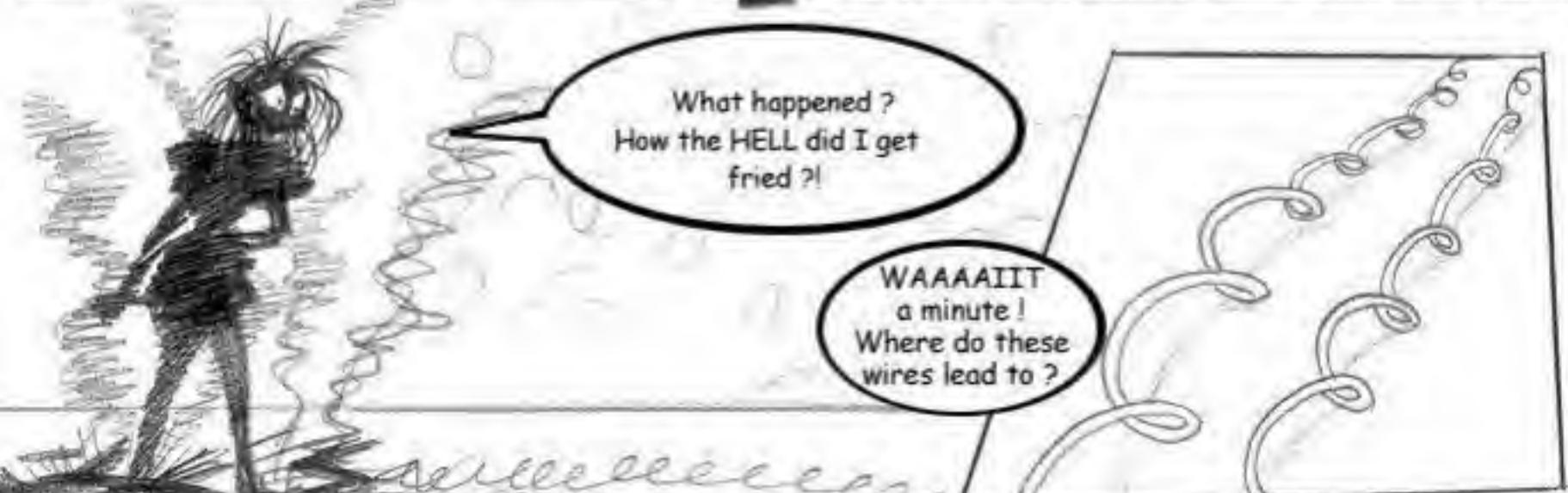
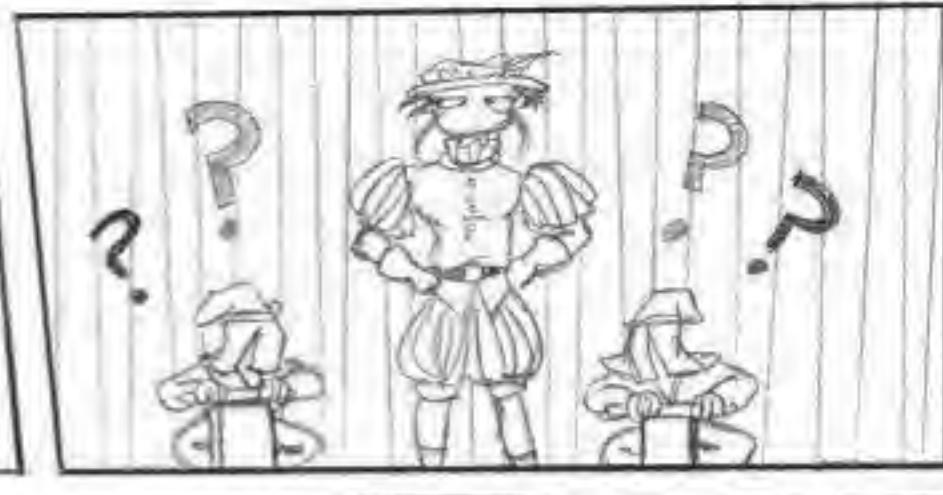
Ay, my  
lord...

A-Ay,  
my lord !!

Very well ! I shall  
take my leave ! But I and the  
other Peacemen Players will soon  
be back, and in the name of Justice,  
we'll give such a performance,  
that the forces of evil shall  
run screaming in terror !

FAREWELL !!







Hum, I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play have, by the very cunning of the scene...

...been struck so to the soul that presently they have proclaimed their malefactions. For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.

I'll have these players play something like the murder of my father before mine uncle.

I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick.

If he do brench, I know my course...

The spirit that  
I have seen may be  
a devil, and the devil  
hath power t' assume  
a pleasing shape;



Yea, and perhaps, out of my  
weakness and melancholy, as he  
is very potent with such spirits,  
abuses me to damn me.



I'll have  
grounds  
more relative  
than this....



The play's  
the thing...  
Wherein, I'll  
catch the  
conscience  
of the  
King...



FOOM



WHAT  
the ?..



Uh...  
What'd you  
think of that,  
sir ? It sure  
made your  
speech more  
dramatic,  
didn't it ?

Master Dai  
fired us, so we were  
wondering if you wouldn't  
mind us working for YOU  
from now on....

TWITCH  
TWITCH

Dommit ! What do you mean  
by coming in here and ruining my closing  
soliloquy ? This is supposed to be a serious  
Shakespearean drama ! If I had wanted  
cheesy special effects, I'd have staged  
an Andrew Lloyd Webber  
musical !

CHUNK !!

So, that's a  
NO, right ?

And so, Prince Hamlet puts his plan into motion,  
certain that it will soon reveal to him the truth about  
whether his uncle is a murderer. If such should  
prove to be the case, Hamlet knows the task that  
then awaits him will not be an easy or a pleasant one.  
But for now, all the prince can do is watch...plan....  
and pray.....

Stay tuned for Act Three

**And so, the second act  
of our play comes to an  
end, and the stage falls  
silent ...**

Behind the scenes, however...



Are you sure you  
want to do this, Miss Lina ?  
I mean, I think I'll have  
enough time to do it if I  
hurry out there  
and--

Well, okay.  
But you're sure  
you know what  
to do...

SURE ! Go  
out into the audience,  
mingle a little... do a few  
interviews... kill some  
time... Leave it to  
me!

No no. YOU stay  
here. I know how badly Zel  
wants to go over the script  
with you. I've got my part  
down pretty well. He won't  
mind if I'm not at the  
cast meeting...

Come on,  
Gourry ! Let's  
go !

Wh-where  
we going ?

Allright then.  
Thanks, Miss Lina,  
and good luck out  
there !

You and me are  
going to do the "Interview  
with the Audience" segment  
of the intermission. Now !

\*Sigh\* I hope  
Miss Lina and Mr. Gourry  
Don't run into any prob-  
lems out there...

Go AWAY, I  
said ! Stop following  
me !!

Ha haa ! We're  
not so big and scary  
now, ARE we, Mr.  
Dragon Man !

\*Sigh\*....



Did you hear  
me, you pea-brained  
princess ? I said  
BEAT IT ! SHOO !  
GET LOST !!!

AHEM !!!  
Alright, everyone ! It's  
time to go over the script for  
Act 3 ! We're not gonna have any  
more SURPRISES when we  
take to the stage again...

Ch' YEAH,  
RIGHT....

And I'M  
Sailor Moon...

**At this very moment, elsewhere  
in the theater...**

Hi,  
Everybody !  
Lina Inverse,  
world-famous, bandit-  
killing heroine here,  
on behalf of the  
Seyruun Ministry of  
Culture. It's now MY  
turn to do some  
visiting with  
tonight's  
audience !

Uhhhhh, Lina ?



Huh ? Hey,  
Lina ! Who is that  
lady with the green  
hair ?

Long time,  
no see, you two !

That is no  
lady... THAT is  
MIWAN...

Don't you  
remember,  
Lint-Brain ? That's  
Zelgadis' ex-girlfr--  
ex-BOYfr---uhhh..  
Ex-one-time-love-  
interest !

Who ?

Uh, yeah...  
So I've been  
told...

But with your  
body type and the  
way you act and  
deliver your lines, you  
pull it off so effort-  
lessly ! If I didn't  
know otherwise, I'd  
have really thought  
you were a male !

I certainly  
am enjoying this  
play that you and  
Mr. Zelgadis are  
putting on ! You  
all are doing such  
a great job...

You especially,  
Miss Lina ! You make  
for a wonderful  
Horatio ! You certainly  
are convincing as a  
man !

As someone  
who's spent most of  
his life as a cross-dresser,  
I certainly know how hard  
it is to pull off that whole  
"gender-bending"  
thing...

Uh, thanks.  
What can I say ?...  
I'm an actress...

You most  
certainly are...

Well,  
I'd really  
like to stay  
and chat with  
you, Miwan,  
but...

Gourry just  
saw someone  
he'd really like  
to talk to  
standing near the  
front of the  
snack line.

Whoa...

Over there.  
Isn't that right,  
Gourry?

Up there...  
That ball with the  
big sparkly lights  
coming out of it...

That's the  
shiniest thing  
I've ever seen...  
It's even shinier  
than my Sword  
of Light...

It's like...  
SUPER-  
Shiny....  
Wooowwww...



LALA !

It's you ! My beloved ! It's been SO LONG since I've seen your beautiful face !!!

VOLUN !!!  
Uh...Wh-wh-what are YOU doing here ?



Oh, I just decided to come to the theatre tonight, as a way to pass the long, lonely evening...

Since you left me, my life has been filled with long, lonely evenings...

Well, I'm real sorry to hear about that, but you know what they say, better to have loved and lost...

Eep.



However, if you ever change your mind and decide to take me back, I'd be willing to work things out with you. What we had between us was SO beautiful. Let's not just throw it away...

\*Sigh\* If we run into just ONE more annoying pers--

I know. And I've come to accept the fact that our time together was destined to last only a short while. I'm over my pain now. And I'm ready to go on with my life...



Whaddaya MEAN by "what we had between us ?" GACK ! Lina ! HELLLL !



BUMPP !!  
OOP !!  
Hey ! Watch it you big, clumsy--



Oh, Miss Inverse. I'm sorry. I did not see you standing there.

Hey, long time no see, Dragon Man. How are thi-

Milgazia ?

Why, yes it is...

--iiiiiiis that ALMOND FLAVORED POCKY ?

If you're heading for the concession stand, Miss Lina...

Where else ?

I'm afraid you're too late...

Well, Milgazia, my man, it was real nice to make your acquaintance, but I gotta go now...

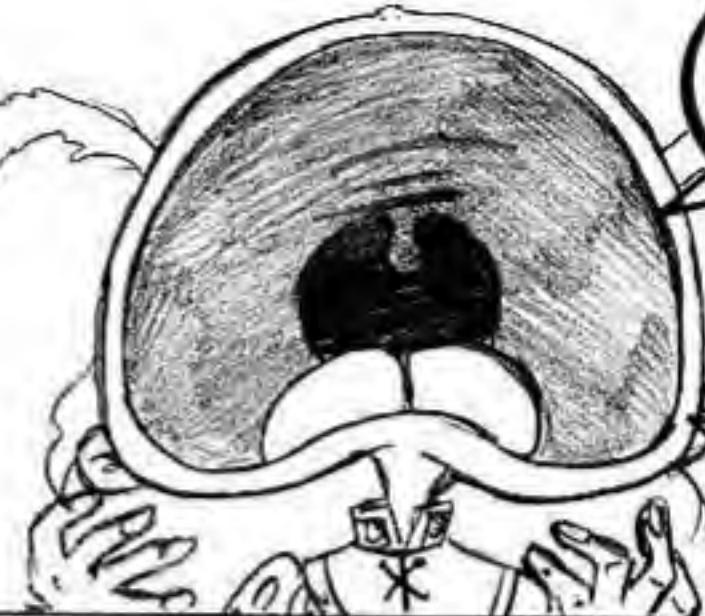
They've run out of snacks already. What you see here is the last of them. All they have left is some day-old popcorn. Sorry...

QUIVER

NOOOOOOO!!!!

Oh, cruel fate ! Why ?

WHY ?



\*Sniff\* I'm hungry... SOOO hungry. Why did this have to happen ?

And HOW could this happen to someone as powerful and as beautiful as me ?  
\*Sniffle\*

Just kidding...

They've got plenty of snacks left at the concession stand. Really...





YAWWWN!



Well, I have  
to go now, but it  
was certainly nice  
to make your brief  
acquaintance again.  
Miss Inverse...

Good luck  
with the rest  
of your...um...  
INTERESTING  
play...





Hey, what's that  
girl up to ?

She must be crazy !

**HEY !!**

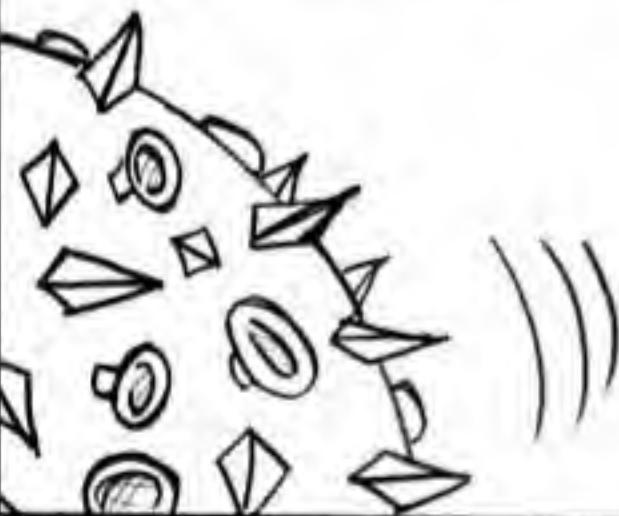
**WATCH OUT !**

AHHHHH !!!

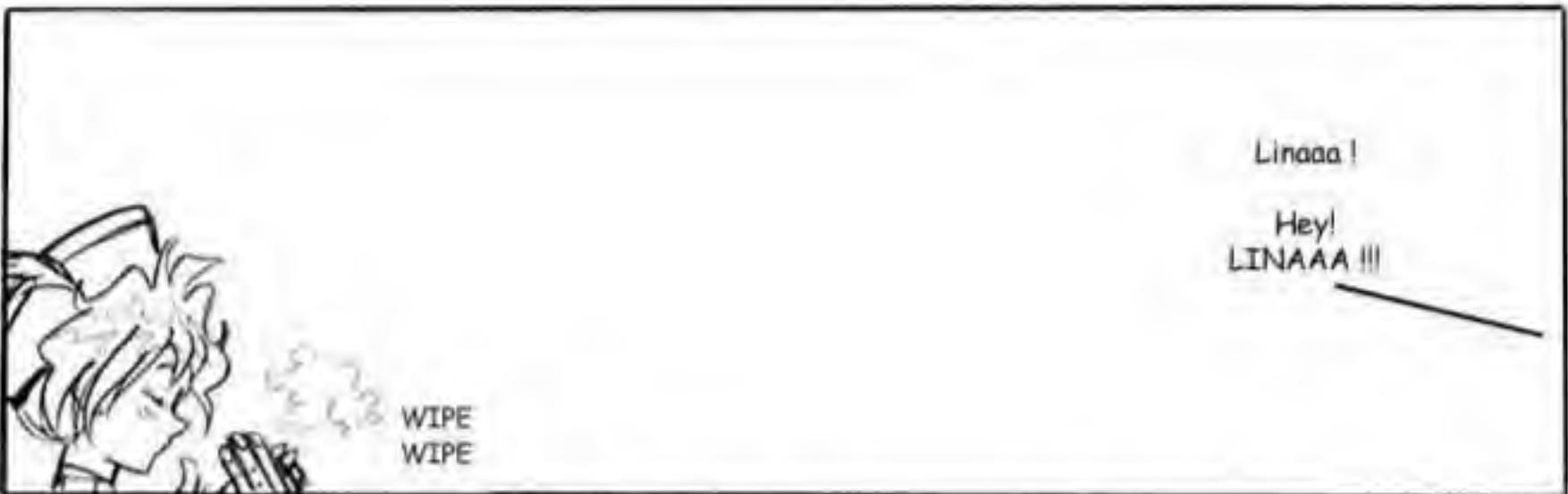
**R-R-R-R-R-I-I-I-I-P !!!!**

pant  
pant  
pant  
pant

pant  
pant  
pant  
pant

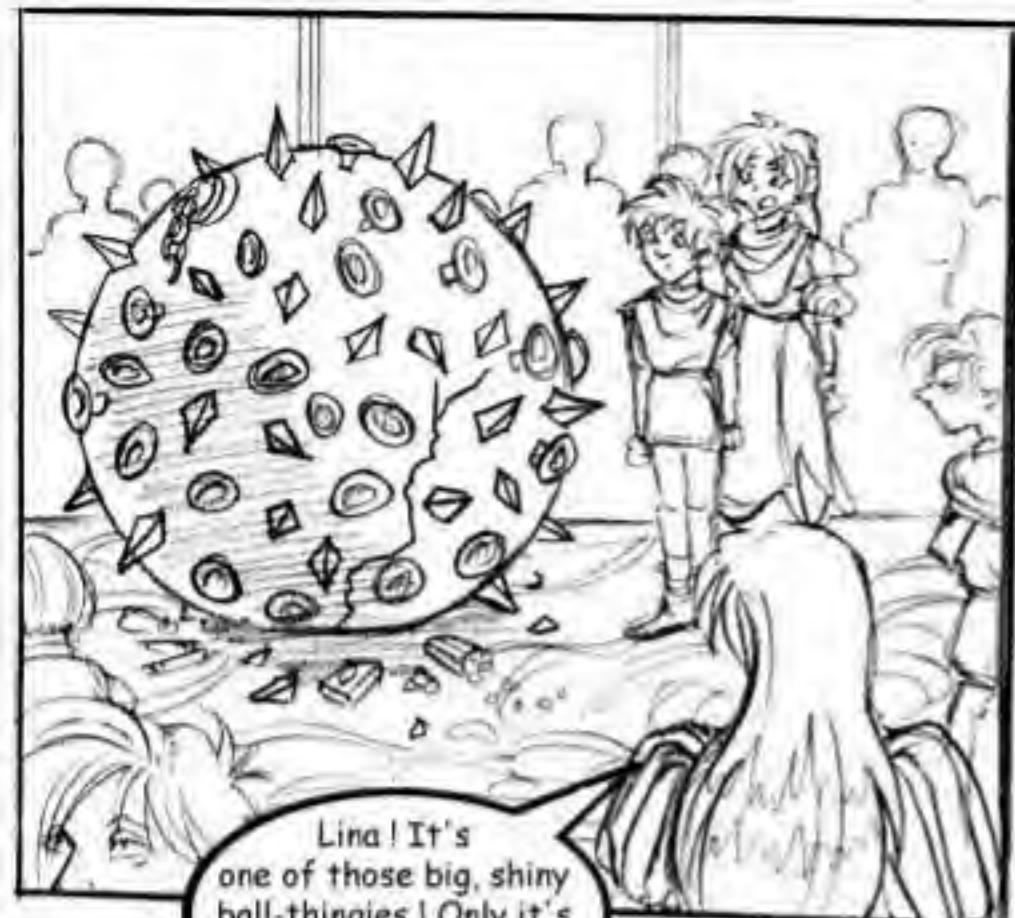


# KRASSSSHHH !!!









Hello ! We're with the  
Seyruun Ministry of Culture !  
We're here to do a special  
Intermission Interview Session  
with you good folks here at the  
concession stand....

Uwaaah!

...After which  
we'd like to  
order fifteen of  
everything you  
have in stock  
back there  
and a keg of  
root beer...

So then,  
why don't you  
tell us what  
you think of...



Ah.....ah.....AHHHHHHHHHHH !!!!



Now that I think of it, being a warrior of light, (such as I am,) it probably wouldn't be right of me to let you and Lina walk away unpunished after watching the way you both just cut ahead in line. But I'll be willing to do so if you turn around and leave right now...

Well, thank you. That's very kind of you.

I'm going now...

Hold it.

\*GULP\*

Here. Take these. One of them is for you and the other is for Lina.

POCKY !  
GEE ! THANKS !!

Well, I thought I couldn't have you walking away thinking I was a monster...

Wow ! Lina isn't going to believe me when I tell her you just gave these to us !

Hee hee. What a nice gal. I can't understand why Lina is always so afraid of her...

I'm NOT just giving them to you. I'm SELLING them to you.

And for the low, low price of only 3000 Gold Pieces. Payable immediately.

Ah-HA ! NOW I understand why....

**Meanwhile, backstage,  
the cast meeting is  
drawing to a close...**

Okay. So to repeat what I just outlined...

Certain scenes will have to be omitted for time constraints. And Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy will be moved to a point further along in the act...



...after his confrontation with Ophelia. This will be done to heighten the sense of dramatic tension...

...Talking as if he knew anything at all about how to direct a play...



And what makes him think HE'S qualified to play the role of a tragic figure like Hamlet? When has he ever had any real-life experience dealing with tragedy?

I mean, it's not like HE'S ever seen HIS entire race slaughtered in a war... And what makes him think he's such a good actor? He's never even been in--

...just because he gave you the role of the Gravedigger...

I mean, that's not something worth getting all bent out of shape over, is it?

No... But I had thought that someone of my talent and experience would get a better part...

Sheesh, Valgarv... Don't tell me you're STILL pissed off at our illustrious director...



After all, I used to be the president of the Ancient Dragons Drama Club. I know every one of Shakespeare's plays by heart. And here I am, getting cast as the "Gravedigger."

A lowly, class-less prull with barely any stage time...

Gee, I can't imagine why Zel didn't give you a better part... He must be jealous of your talent...

...or maybe he just has a thing against whiny, temperamental, hard-to-work-with actor types...

WHY DON'T YOU SHRIVEL UP AND DIE, YOU SMIRKING, RUBBER-FACED FRUITCAKE!!!!

Oh well. That's backstage politics for you... Some are winners and some are losers. But I should think you'd be USED to losing, eh, Val?

Why no, there isn't, Mr. Director. I can assure you that I am, at all times, maintaining a level of composure and professionalism that is the hallmark of a true actor.

Well that's good to hear. So. Why don't you go put on your costume now and get ready for your entrance?

Yes, sir. Thank you for reminding me. What ever would I do without you, Director Man?

HEEEEEE.....



Get off ! Get off !  
Get OFF !!!!



Now it will be your most difficult scene, and I want to make sure you're completely comfortable with how I staged it...

GET OFF !!!

KICK !!!

AVIEEEEEEEEEE

Oh yes.  
I'm fine with it.  
I know what I have to do...and what I have to let YOU do...

Yes, well... I just want to assure you that I'm going to go as easy on you as I possibly can...

I know you will. It'll be like the way you and I rehearsed it earlier...

Yes.... well, I'm thinking of making a slight change in the scene by adding....a... kiss between Hamlet and Ophelia.

A.....A....  
KISS ?

Now it's nothing to get excited about...

It's purely an artistic decision...

And it's something I had planned on doing all along, but I didn't want to tell you about it until now because I was unsure of how you would react...Or if you would be...overly excited--

EEEEEEK !!!!  
HENTAI !!!!

DAAAHHH !!!!

Okay okay okay ! We won't do the kiss ! Forget I even mentioned it ! Please please PLEASE don't tell your father that I brought it up !!

No, Mr. Zelgadis... I'm perfectly alright with the idea of kissing you...



But I'm NOT perfectly alright with what Miss Lina is doing...

Miss Lina !  
GET OFF !!!

KICK !!

SHIVER





GRRRRRR....

Hmpf !

It matches the  
size of your mouth  
perfectly...

Hmm. I must come up with a really creative and original way of annoying that woman before the night is over...

\*SIGH\*

Hmpf. They think they can humiliate me this way, do they?

Well, I'll show them all that it isn't wise to show disrespect to an Ancient Dragon!

And as for that so-called "director," I'll--

**CRUNCH! CRUNCH!**

CRUNCH!

MMMMMM

**CRACKLE !!**

--soon...  
...show...  
...him--

Ahem. Excuse me. I am TRYING to have a dramatic interlude, and that's a terribly difficult thing to do with you crunching loudly and raining crumbs all over me.

Waff a  
dramaffic  
iferluff?

It's...  
Oh,  
Never mind....

Hmpf!  
Even the  
Brainless Boy  
Wonder gets  
a better part  
than I do...  
\*grumble\*

**GRUMBLE**

So...  
hungry....

Whoa. That  
sounds like Lina's  
stomach...





At that precise moment,  
not far away...

Yes, Mr. Zelgadis.  
I'm all ready for the  
next scene...

So am I.  
\*giggle\*

Well, just to  
remind you, I will be  
getting a little rough with  
Amelia in this next scene,  
but I know you understand  
it's all for the sake  
of--

Yes, yes, I know.  
Go ahead and do whatever  
you think the scene demands.  
Amelia's a strong, courageous  
girl. (Why, I'm sure she's  
even looking forward to  
the next scene.)

Yes. \*Sigh\*  
My very first  
onstage kiss.

YIPE !  
W-W-Well...  
I-It's.. An  
artistic decision  
of mine. Although  
Shakespeare himself  
never wrote it into  
the stage directions,  
it's common practice  
for directors to  
insert a kiss into  
the "unnery"  
scene.

Kiss ?

What's this  
about an onstage  
kiss ?





Mr. Director !  
When is Act Three going  
to start ? The audience  
is getting restless !

Okay. It'll  
start as soon as  
things get cleaned  
up back here. We'll  
ask Rezo to cast  
his "time-reverse"  
spell again...

Anyone  
got a clue as to  
where he could  
be now ?

I know  
where he is !  
I'll go get  
him !

\*Sigh\* Oh gods..  
I wonder what OTHER  
problems could be  
looming over me right  
now...

Hmm...  
Rezo's time-  
reversal spell...

Hmmmm...

I mean, it's not  
like I'm going to be  
Ethan Hawke and stick  
my hand up her shirt...

Ahem ! \*coff!\* Well, I just  
want you to know that it's common  
practice for directors to insert a  
kiss into that scene for dramatic  
effect.

Ah... Prince  
Phil !...Hi !

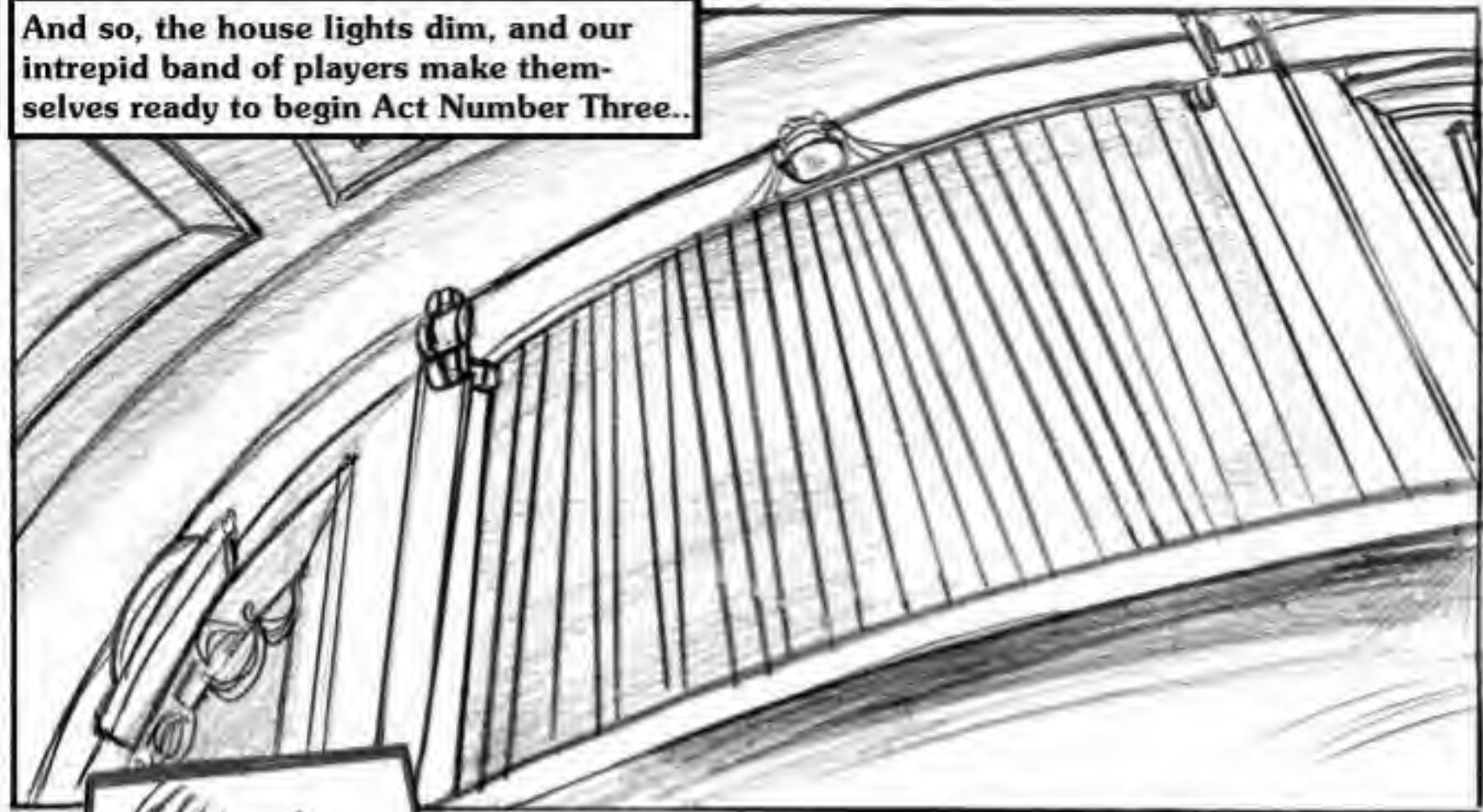
About that  
kiss with Amelia...

The reason I didn't  
say anything about the kiss  
until now is because I didn't  
want to give Amelia a lot  
of time to think about it...

I know how  
she is about things  
like this and I didn't  
want her getting all  
worked up about  
the scene...



And so, the house lights dim, and our intrepid band of players make themselves ready to begin Act Number Three..



Well, thanks once again for your help, Rezo. I have to say that this ALMOST makes up for your turning me into a chimera...

Especially when I could've turned you into a troll or a newt, or some being incapable of reading and putting on a Shakespearean tragedy...

Yeah, well, I find myself really starting to regret that decision now...

But just think, had I done so, none of us would be here right now...



Psst ! Rezo ! When you've finished up here ! Can I ask you to do something for me ?

A little favor from one purple-haired, staff-slinging, squinty-eyed priest to another ?

Oh my... That would REALLY be a tragedy...



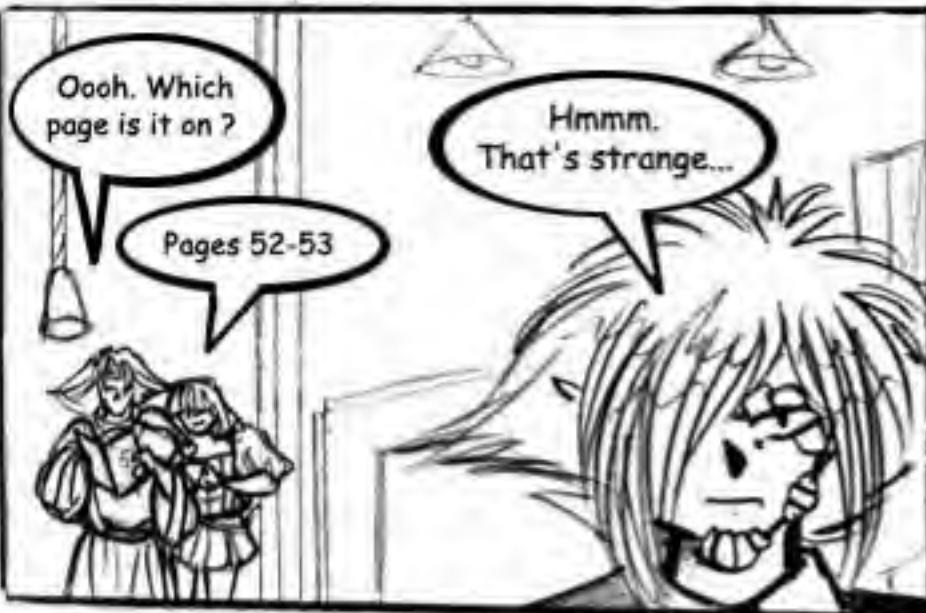


AHEM ! Are we ALMOST finished getting ready back here ?

Just about, Filia  
You can take your mark  
and get ready to go onstage when the curtain rises...



0	0	00	00
0	0	00	00
0	0	00	00
0	0	00	00
0	0	00	00



**Next up:  
Act  
Three**

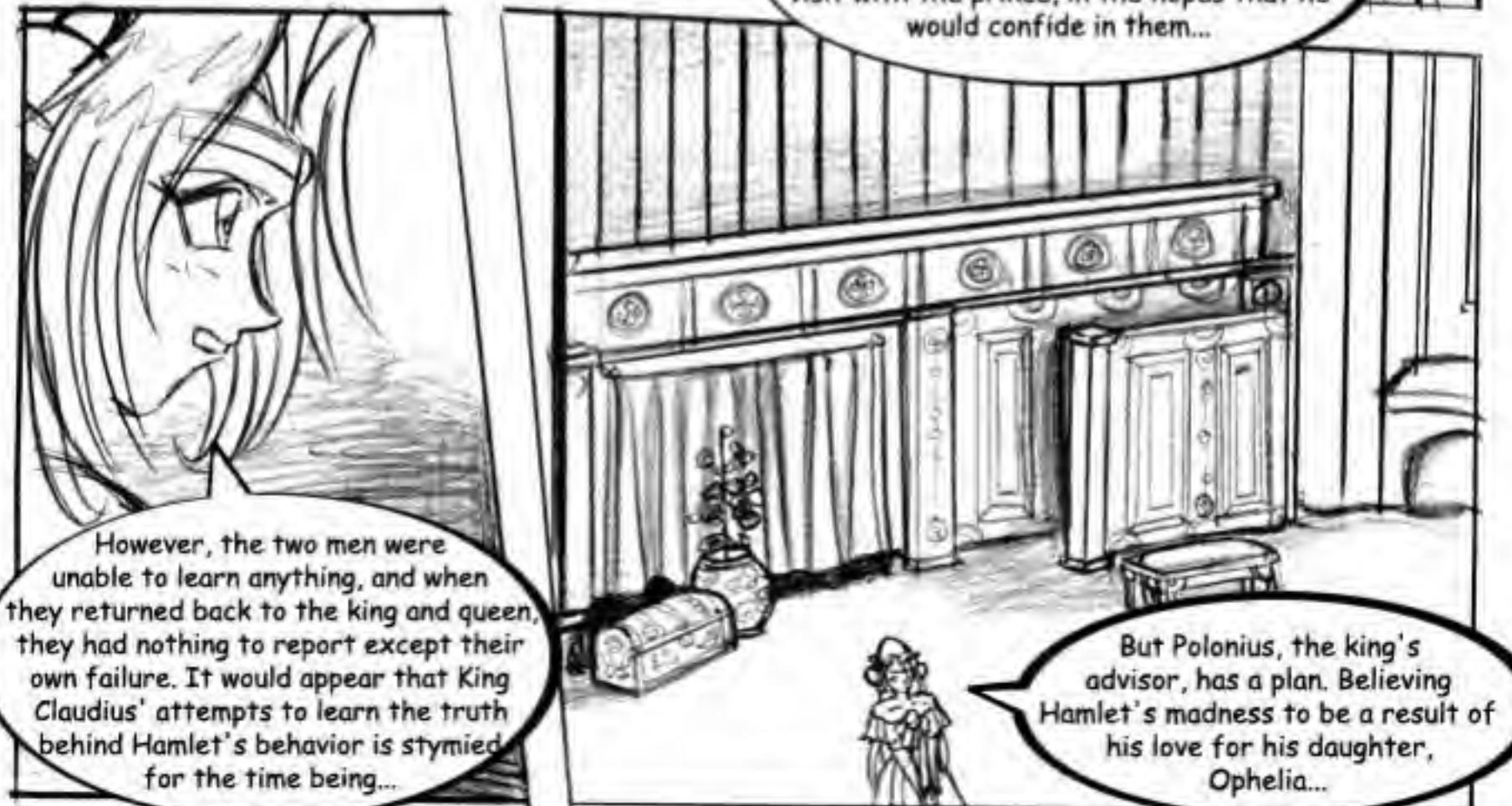
# Hamlet: The Manga

## Act III



Well, this  
is the last time I  
stay in THIS  
damn hotel...

Ahem. Ladies  
and gentlemen... Sorry  
for the delay. We now present  
you with Act Three of  
our drama...



He hits upon a way that he can use that love to get Hamlet to reveal his in-most thoughts to the lady...



...While he himself eavesdrops on the both of them from a nearby hiding place...



Ophelia, being the dutiful and obedient daughter, agrees to help her father out with his plan.

Polonius guides his daughter to a place in the castle where Hamlet will be sure to find her and commands her to sit quietly while reading a book.



Then he gives her a set of instructions on what to do once the prince arrives...

...putting the words into her mouth, which she must say to him.



This being done, he takes his leave of her, and slips--



He takes his leave of her, and slips behind a nearby arras.



Where he will  
wait and observe  
the both of  
them--

--ahh...both of them-

uh...wait and...  
observe...uhhh... the  
both of....





Allright, Rezo !  
Now's your chance !  
Cast the spell !



Well if that slimy trickster thinks I'm going to stand here and let him make a fool out of me, he's dead wrong !

So that's his game. To play hide and seek with me...



Now try to stay calm, Miss Filia. It's never a good idea to lose control over one's emotions. As a great justice-loving philosopher once said...



Dammit, Rezo ! You MISSED her! What's the matter with you ? Are you bli--

--uhhhh... err... I mean... \*whoops\*

\*Sigh\* Well... I guess there's nothing I can do now, except go back to my place...



Grrrrrkk....

These robes  
look like my  
pajamas...

\* Huff ! \*

Daddy ?

Why would I  
be attending a state  
ocassion in my  
pajamas ?

Uh, Daddy ?  
That's your cue...

And so, Polonius, having carefully  
arranged everything, now slips behind  
a nearby arras where he can observe  
his plan in motion...

Huh? What--?

It's time  
for you to get  
behind the  
curtain and  
hide,  
Daddy...

You know, I can  
sense the world  
perfectly  
without my eyes. That  
doesn't mean I'm a  
great shot...

Oh shut  
up !

I wonder what's  
the matter with Daddy...  
Maybe he's worried about  
this next scene or  
something...

Ophelia sits and  
waits patiently for her  
beloved Hamlet  
to pass by...

Ahhh...  
Life is  
wonderful...





No, not I.  
I never gave  
you  
aught.

My honored  
lord, you know  
right well  
you did.



Their perfume lost,  
take these again, for to the  
noble mind rich gifts wax  
poor when givers prove  
unkind. There, my lord.



I did love  
you once.

Indeed, my lord,  
you made me  
believe so.

You should not have  
believed me, for virtue  
cannot so inoculate our  
old stock but we  
shall relish of it. I  
loved you not.

I was the  
more deceived.

Get thee to a  
nunnery. Why  
wouldst thou  
be a breeder  
of sinners ? I  
am myself  
indifferent  
honest...

...but yet I could  
accuse me of such things that  
it were better my mother  
had not borne me.

What should such fellows as I  
do crawling between earth and heaven ?  
We are arrant knaves all; believe  
none of us. Go thy ways to a  
nunnery !



HER  
FATHER

This...  
dream is  
becoming more  
like a  
nightmare...



Where's your  
father?

At  
home,  
my  
lord.



Let the doors  
be shut upon him--

--that he may  
play the fool nowhere  
but in 's own house!



If thou dost  
marry, I'll give  
thee this  
plague for thy  
dowry:

O help him,  
you sweet heavens!

Be thou as  
chaste as  
ice, as pure  
as snow,  
thou shalt  
not escape  
calumny.

Or if thou wilt  
needs marry, marry a  
fool, for wise men  
know well enough  
what fools you make  
of them.

Get thee  
to a nunnery,  
farewell.

To a nunnery, go, and  
quickly too. Farewell.



I'm  
starting  
to think it ISN'T  
a dream... And if it  
isn't, Mr. Zelgadis  
had better have a  
good explanation  
of why he's treat-  
ing Amelia this  
way...

Heavenly powers,  
restore him !

I have heard of your  
paintings, too, well enough.  
God hath given you one  
face and you make your-  
selves another.

You jig and amble,  
and you lisp; you nickname  
God's creatures and make  
your wantonness your  
ignorance.

Go to, I'll  
no more on 't. It  
hath made me  
mad !

It hath  
made me  
**MAD !!!**

Okay,  
Amelia... This  
is where the  
kiss happens...  
You ready ?

Y-Yes....



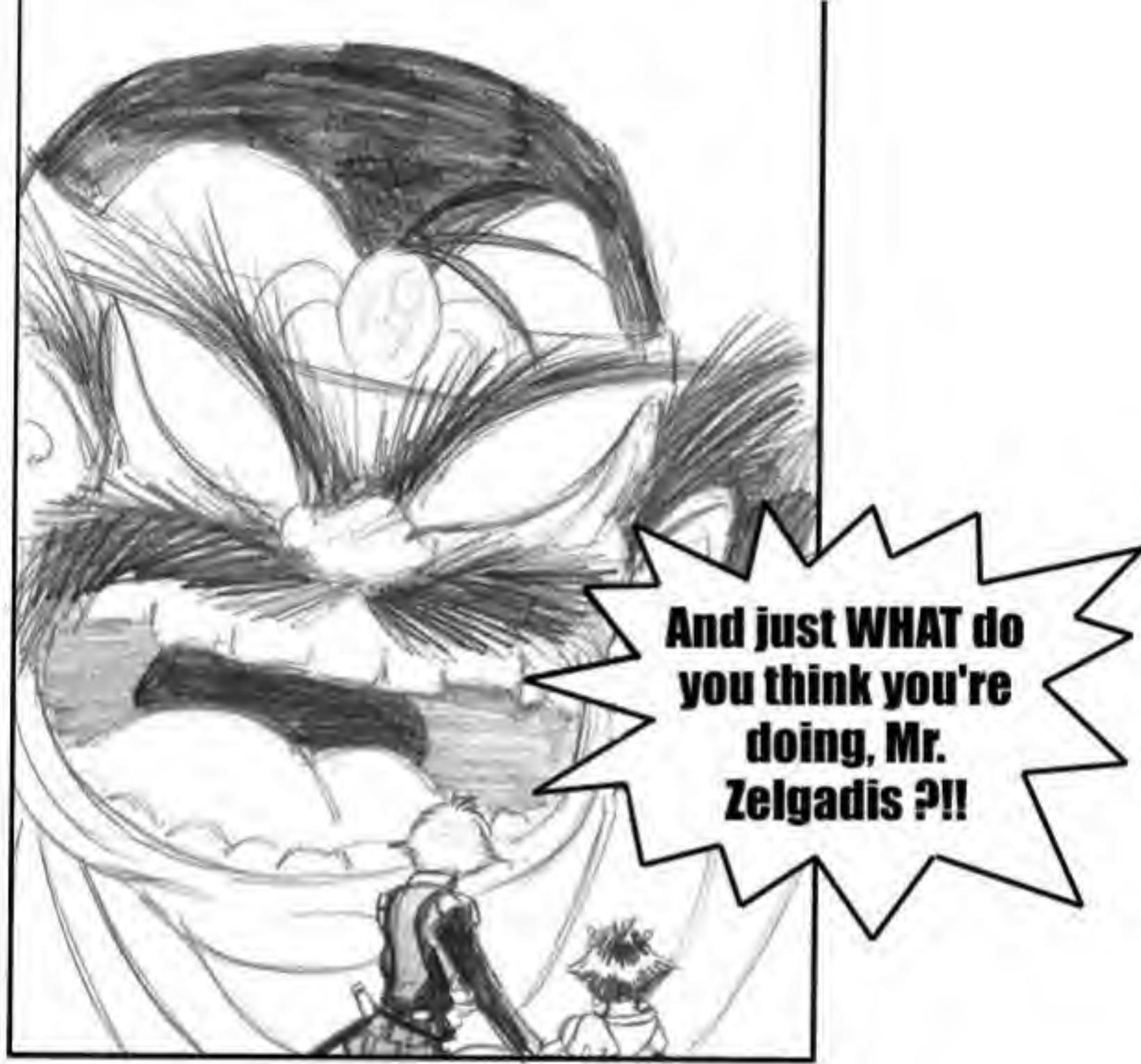


Huh ?



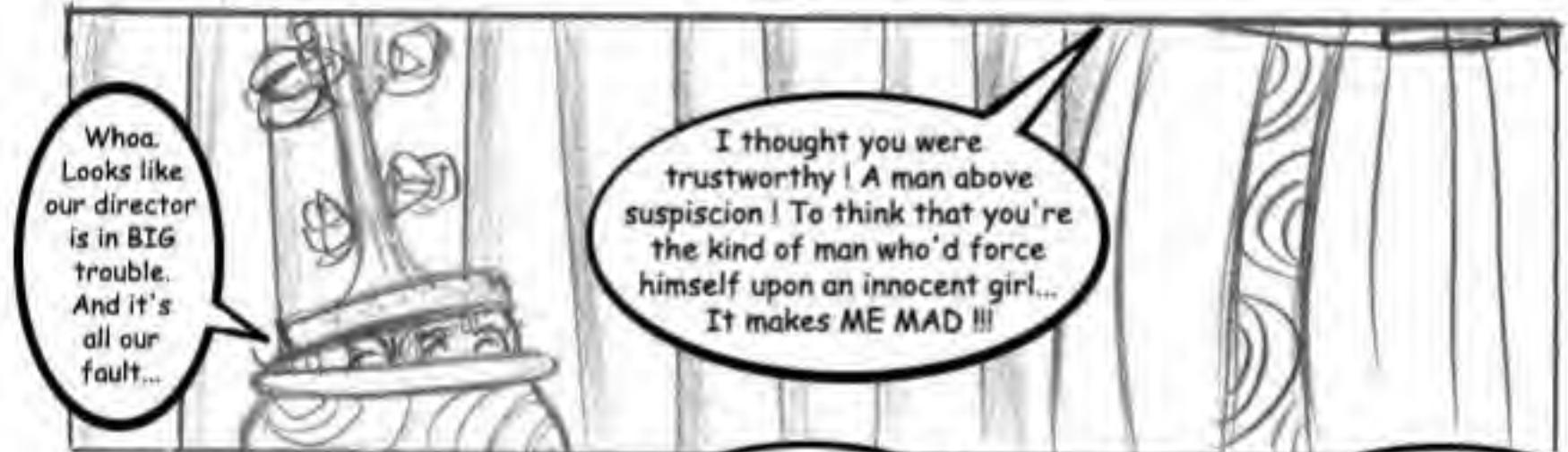
Aiyeeeekkk....





I-I-I'm doing  
wh-what we discussed...  
You know... What I had  
to do for this scene...  
You know... You said you  
were... okay with it...



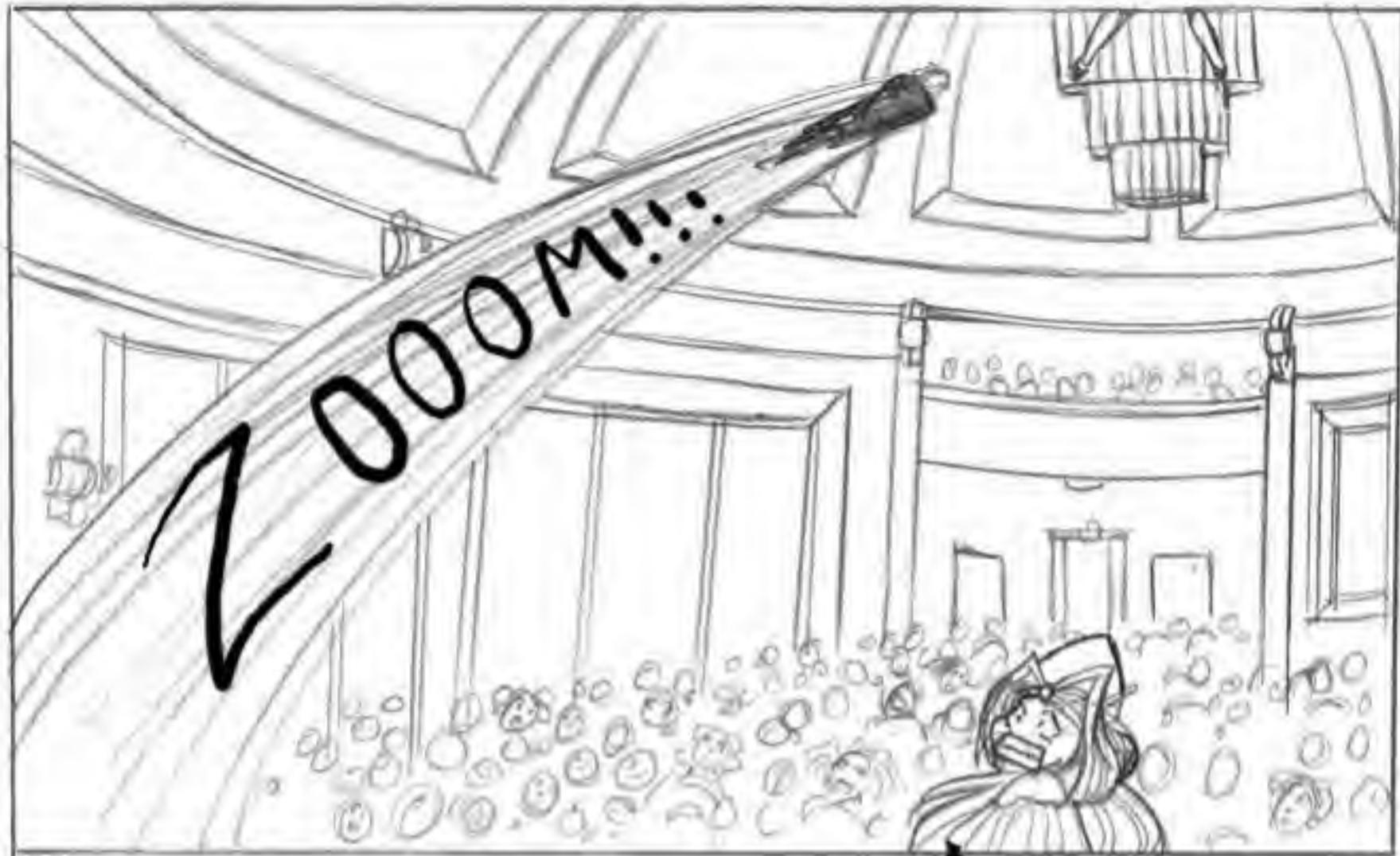


Now now,  
Phil. If you just  
calm down, we can  
discss this issue in  
a rational manner.  
I'm sure you'll see  
that this is nothing  
but a simple mis--

Pacifist--

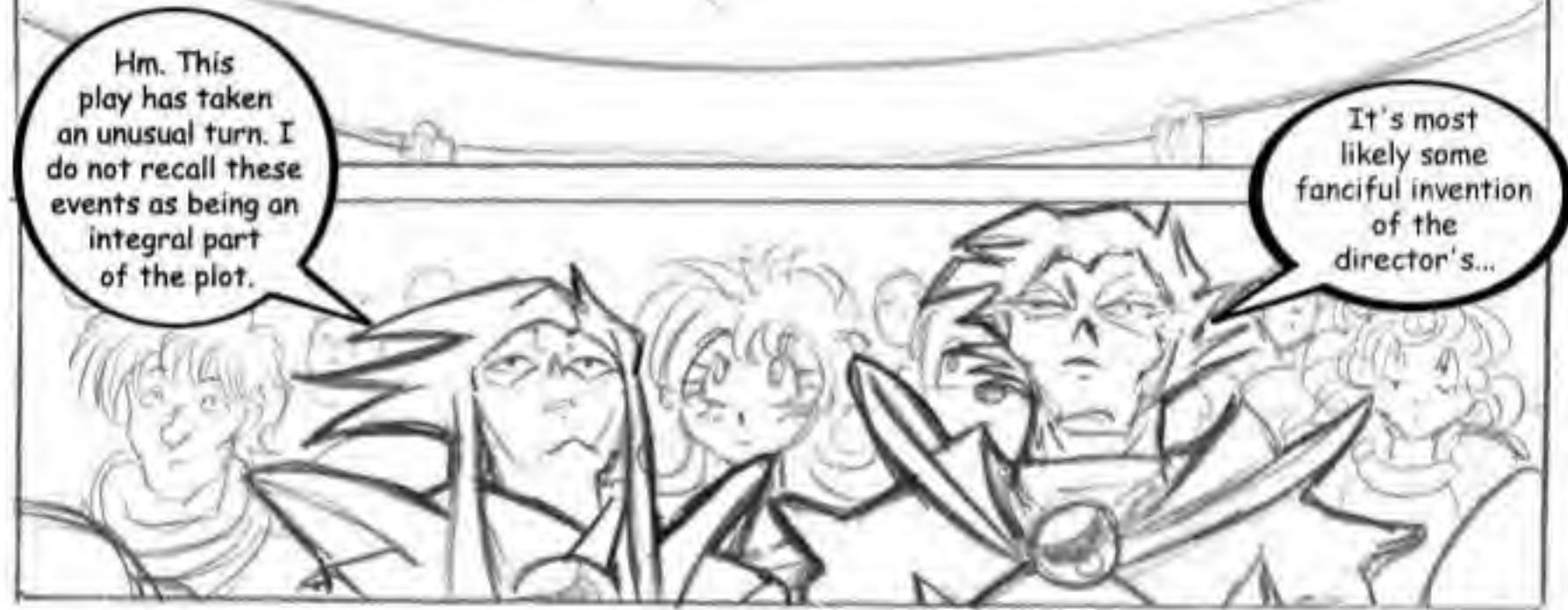
**CRUSSH!!!!**

**ZOOOMM!!**



YAAAAAAAHHHHHH !!!







**CRASSSHH**





Geez ! What happened ? I go to the can for a few minutes, and when I get back, all hell's broken loose !

The chandelier has fallen... onto Elrobos.

Unhh.. I ... I don't think so...

Excuse me, sir, but are you in need of any assistance ?

I see... How terribly tragic...

Yes ! YESSSSS !!!

Huh. It seems something soft broke my fall...

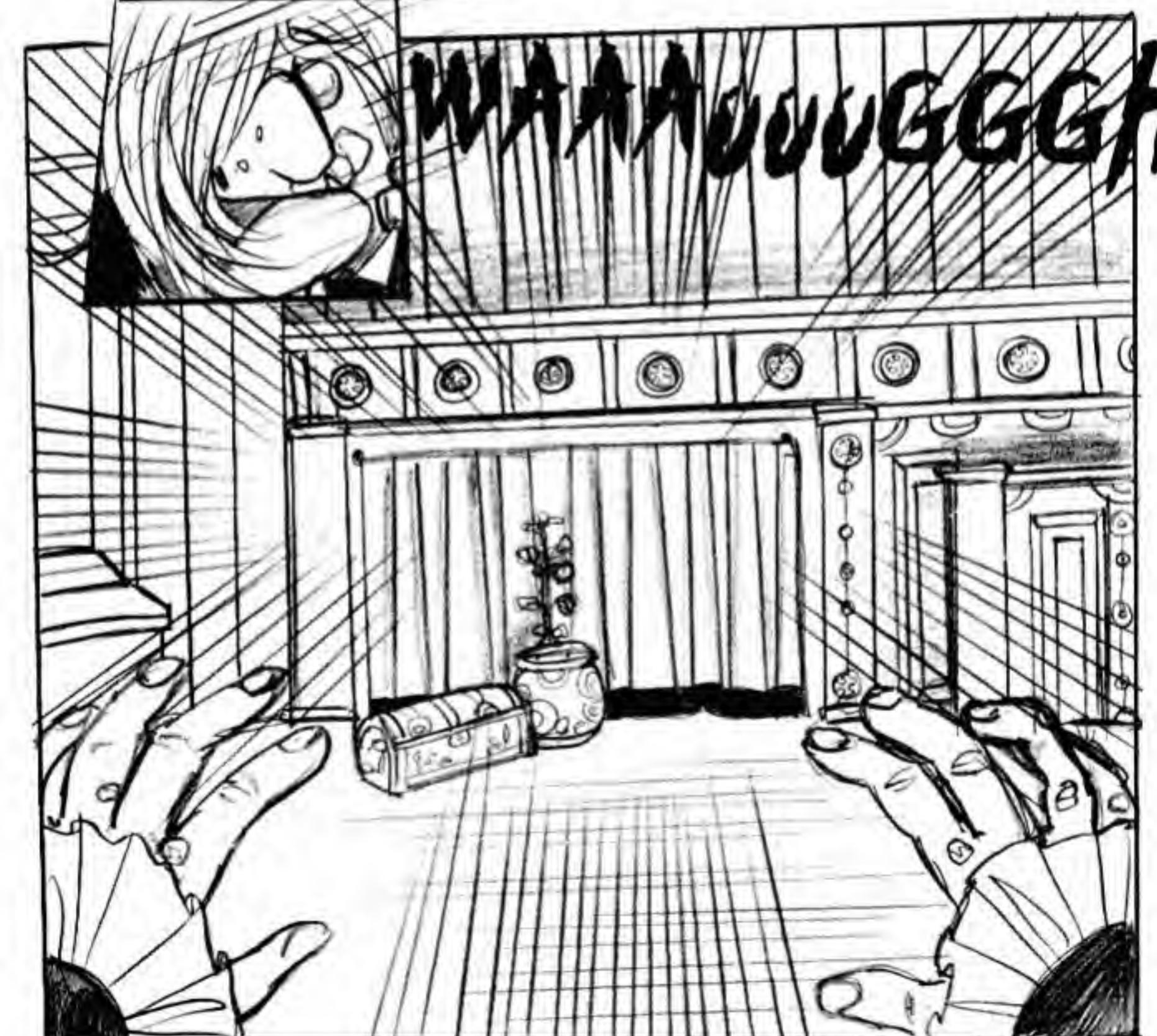
What are these ? They look like cushions of some sort. They seem... familiar...

They're perfectly symmetrical. But what are they made of ? They almost remind me of a pair of--



P.....Pervert.....





Uh-oh. Here comes our illustrious director. If we don't do something to help him THIS time, he's finished for sure.

WAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

FWIP!

THUNK!

SLAM!

Nice work, Rezo. Let's go see what's happening backstage now, shall we?

# Backstage...

EXIT

Wait, Daddy !  
Let me explain !

Prince Phil !  
You're making  
a mistake !

What's  
happening, Lina ?  
Why is Prince Phil  
leaving the play ?

It  
beats  
me...

I have no idea. What  
I'm more worried about is  
what that crash was that  
we heard just now.

Huh, I wonder where  
Zelgadis is. You'd think he'd  
be here trying to stop Phil  
from leaving...

I know !

What do you  
mean, you know ?  
What WAS that  
crash ?

Well, Rezo and I  
were standing behind  
the curtain and saw  
everything that  
happened...

Dammit,  
Xelloss ! Don't  
DO that !!

Phil did not  
take very well to seeing  
his darling daughter being  
pushed around onstage,  
even if it was all just  
pretend...

And so--?

And so Prince Philionel  
Pacifist Crushed Zelgadis  
into the chandelier which then  
fell, causing the enormous crash  
that you heard.

Oh ye flippin' hairy gods. This is just what we need. So where's Zelgadis right now?

With him gone, I guess we'll just have to cancel the rest of the play and go home.

Hmm... Well... I guess we have to, don't we? If there's no Hamlet, there can't be any play of the same name...

He's vanished. Disappeared. A wise move considering all the lawsuits he's probably facing right now.

\*Sigh\* Time to get out of these crazy costumes and go get ourselves something to eat...

"The show must go on!" as they say, and it WILL go on!

Wait! Everyone! We don't HAVE to cancel the play!

What the hell?---

Forget it, Valgarv. It's a wrap. It's over. Time to head home...

With ME in the role of Prince Hamlet! I know all of the lines...

And the Ancient Dragon Drama Club voted my Hamlet as the best interpretation of--

!



Yeah, yeah,  
we gotcha. We  
understand. Show  
must go on. Sacred  
tradition. Right.



IT IS NOT OVER ! IT  
ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY  
IT'S OVER !! THE SHOW  
MUST GO ON ! THAT'S  
THE SACRED THEATRE  
TRADITION ! AND IT  
WILL GO ON !!



Excellent, I  
shall go now to prepare  
for my role whilst you  
prepare the stage for  
the next scene: The  
famous "To Be or Not  
To Be" Speech...



\*Sigh\*. Well, I tried to  
catch up with Prince Phil and  
Amelia but I lost them around  
a corner. What are we going to  
do ? Without their characters,  
we can't finish the play...

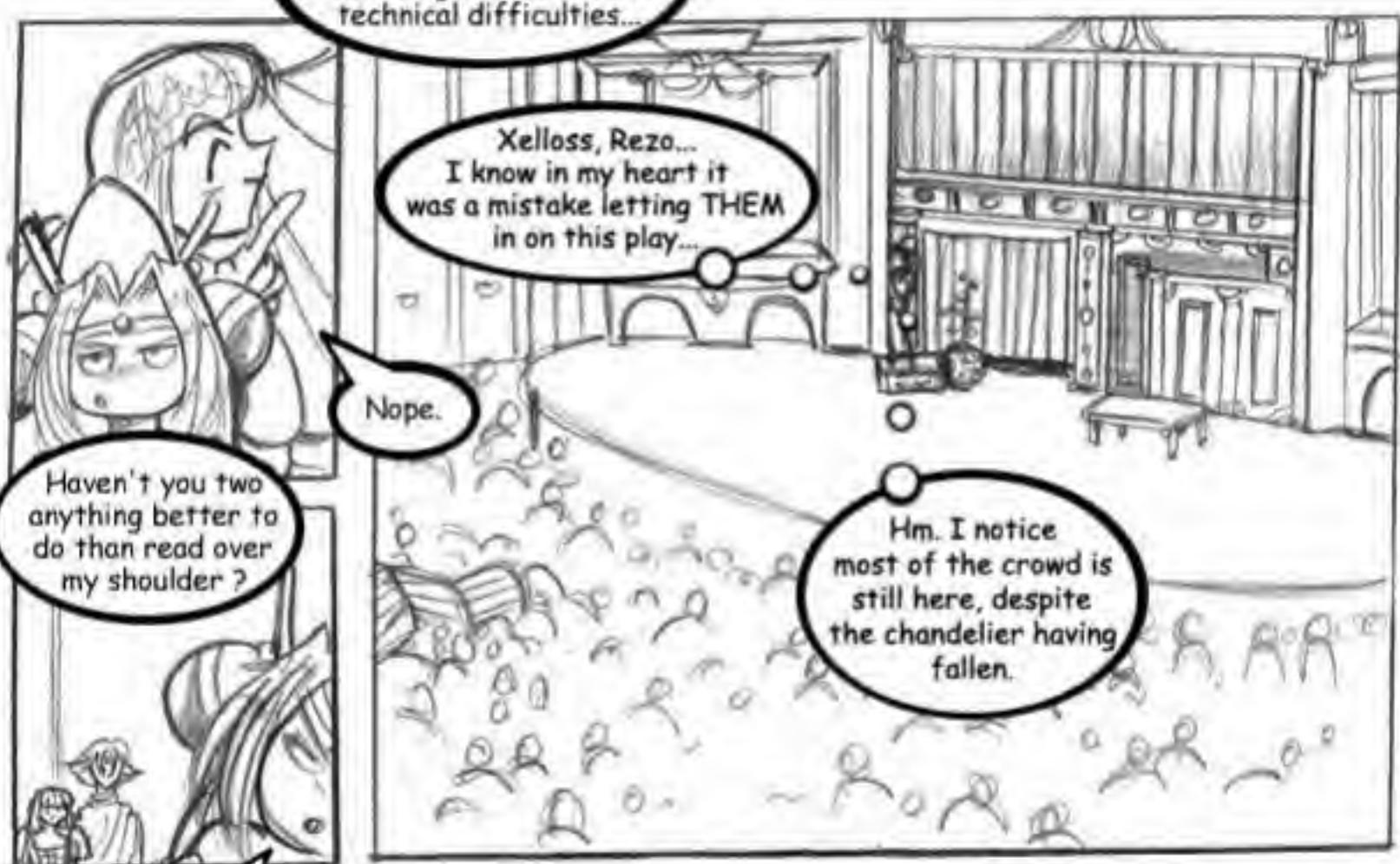


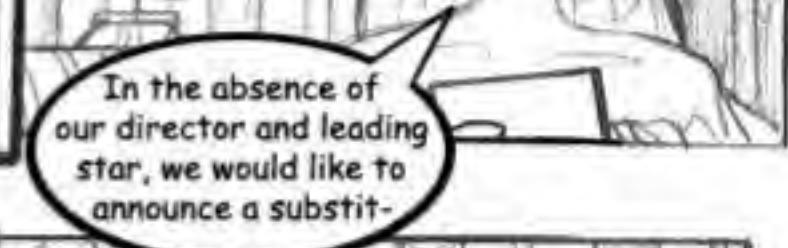
And yet,  
"The Show Will  
Go On..."



Okay... Doublet...  
Jerkin... Cloak...  
Tights...

Where in  
L-Sama's name  
is my  
CODPIECE ?





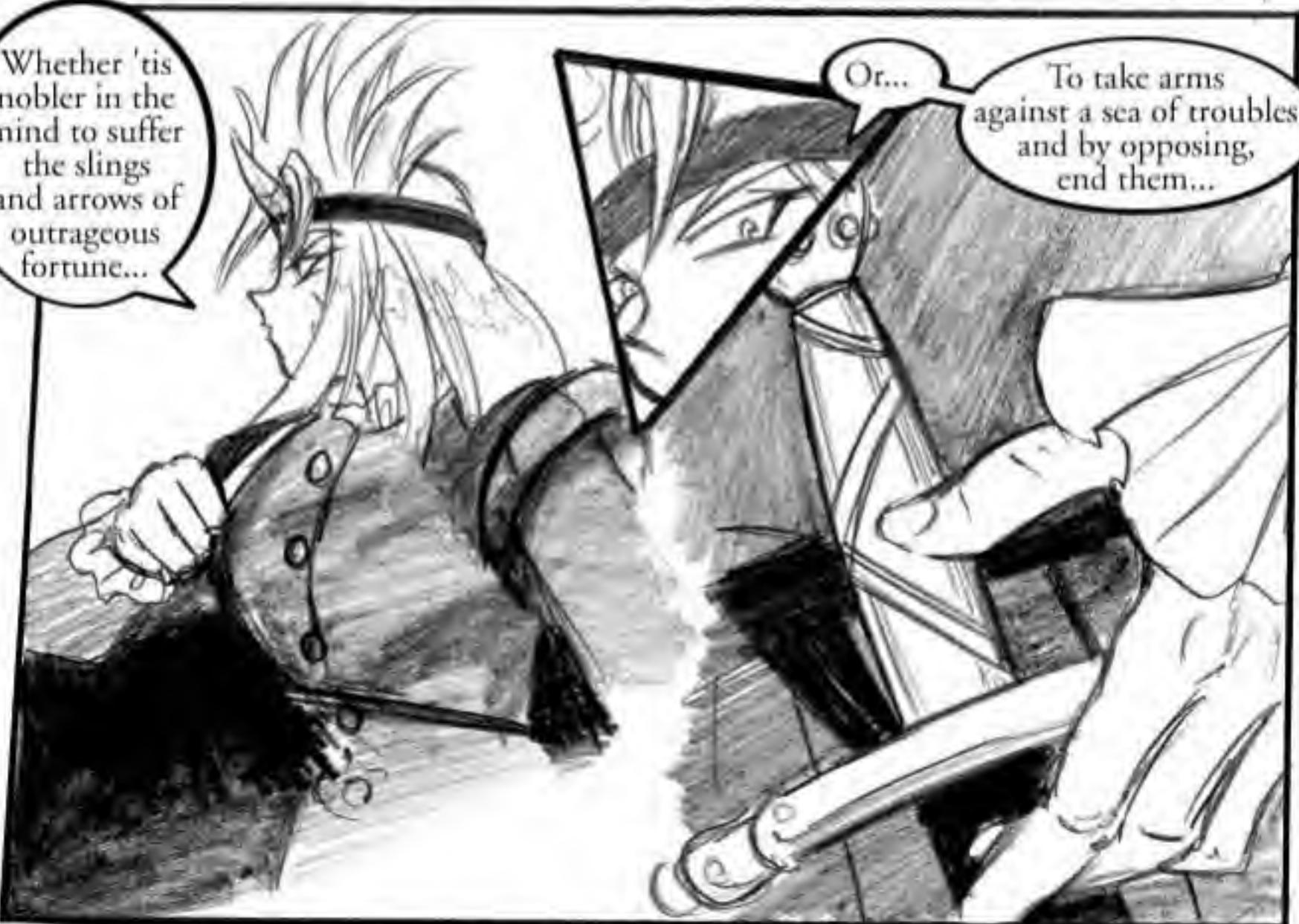


Our scene opens with Prince Hamlet, devastated by what he perceives to be the betrayal of the woman he loves, wandering the castle, contemplating the seeming hopelessness of life...



...THAT is  
the question...

Whether 'tis  
nobler in the  
mind to suffer  
the slings  
and arrows of  
outrageous  
fortune...



To die, to sleep--  
No more--and by a sleep  
to say we end the heartache  
and the thousand natural  
shocks that flesh is  
heir to...



... "Tis a consummation  
devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep--  
To sleep, perchance to dream...

Ay, there's the rub...

For in that sleep of  
death what dreams may  
come, when we have  
shuffled off this mortal  
coil must give us pause.

There's the respect that  
makes calamity of  
so long life.



For who would  
bear the whips  
and scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's  
wrong, the proud  
man's contumely,

The pangs of  
despised love,  
the law's delay...

The insolence  
of office, and the spurns  
that patient merit of  
th' unworthy takes,

When he himself  
might his quietus make  
with a bare bodkin ?

Who would fardels  
bear, to grunt and sweat  
under a weary life,

But that the dread  
of something after death,

The undiscovered  
country from whose  
bourn no traveler  
returns, puzzles the  
will...

...And makes us  
rather bear those ills  
we have than fly to  
others that we know  
not of?

Thus conscience  
does make cowards  
of us all,

And thus the  
native hue of  
resolution is  
sicklied o'er with  
the pale cast  
of thought,

And enterprises  
of great pitch and  
moment with this  
regard their currents  
turn awry and lose the  
name of action.

AWED SILENCE

Oh wow...  
Lord Valgarv...  
That's so...  
beautiful !!

Oh my...  
What a moving performance...

Wh-  
WHOA...

It made me want to drop my genki facade and dwell upon the tragic beauty and mystery of the human condition.

Amazing!  
It actually made me pay attention to the play!

I'm so proud. If I had tear ducts, I'd be crying right now...



BRAVO !!

Hooray!

Way to go!

More !!! Bravo !

Magnificent !

Yeah !

ENCORE !!

YAAAAAAYY !!!



YAAAAAAYY !!!

ENCORE !!

CLAP ! CLAP !

CLAP ! CLAP !

Ahh... Validation at last. There's NOTHING that can stop me from stealing this show...



**THLINK !**



**THLINK !**



Well, if it isn't our illustrious director...

Grrr....

Just what do you think you're trying to do, anyway? This is MY show!

Not for long, Stone Boy! I'M the one the crowd wants to see now...







Look! You are supposed to be doing what I tell you to!

HA ! Besides Lord Gaav, MY MUSE is the only one I'll serve !

And right now, my muse is telling me I should kick your ass and take over this little production of yours !



GRRRRRRR







**Meanwhile...**



Quite. Well then.... I take it you're not going to try and Pacifist Crush me out of existence again...



Huh?





Don't mention it,  
....luv.....

**SOCK!!!**

Alright  
everyone ! Let's  
clear the  
stage !!!



Let's get  
everything we need  
for the next scene  
moved out here,  
pronto !

**And so, it would appear  
that we have our play  
back on track once again...**



**But what  
NEW trials and  
tribulations will  
await our intrepid  
cast in the  
scenes to come ?**

**Will Zelgadis  
ultimately prove  
successful in  
realizing his  
creative vision?**

**And what of  
the REST of our  
band of  
merry  
performers ?**

**What  
sort of  
problems  
will  
THEY  
have to--**

HEY !  
Narrator Guy !  
How about picking  
up the pace a little?  
Some of us haven't  
got all year to be  
IN this play,  
y'know !!



Uhm... er...  
Ahem....  
**And so, preparations  
are quickly made  
for the next scene...**



**Which will  
feature one of the  
most pivotal  
moments in  
the play...**



**...of...uhm...  
the true....uhhh...**

**POP!**



**The "play-within-  
a-play" scene in  
which Hamlet  
discovers the  
true nature of...**

**Hic!**



**Ahhhhhhh...**



**Huh ?**





I'll update you on the progress of the play so far, but first, I'd like to thank a few groups who made it here tonight...



Among them, the Atlas City Bass Rackets ...uhm... Ass Brackets... Brass Rackets Society...



And the Femin-Fem... Feminism--- \*Hic\* Fascist Feminists...



Unnhhhh....



THUD !



Well ?  
What are you  
waiting for ?  
Go on...



Ahem. We will now continue to the next scene in Hamlet...



In which our hero discovers a vital clue to the mystery of his father's untimely death. Knowing full well that this is one of the play's most important scenes, Zelgadis is determined to make certain it comes off without a single hitch...



Psst !  
Psst !  
HEY !  
Rezo !!!



**As the stage is quickly and quietly prepared for the next scene, the players find themselves filled with a sense of excitement and anxiety. None more so than-**



HEY I WOULD YOU MIND TAKING IT ELSEWHERE ? THE NARRATOR AND I ARE TRYING TO GET THIS PLAY BACK ON TRACK !!! \*SHEESH\*



**Ahem... None more so than the chimeric genius who helped bring all of this about... Will his attempt to pull off this tragedy ultimately result in triumph ? Or will it be a tragedy unto itself ?....**



**We now take you backstage, where our story is about to resume...**

...And where preparations  
for the next scene have nearly  
been completed...

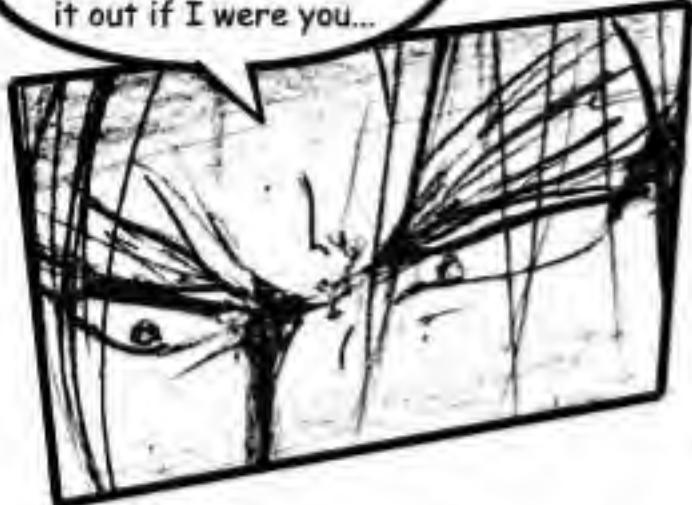




DAUUUGGHHHH !!!! Y-Y-YOU !!!



I wouldn't sprain my brain trying to figure it out if I were you...



Instead, why don't you tell me what's in the bucket? Is that for me?



...Water I'm using to mop the floor with...

I thought I'd do a little spring cleaning backstage in between scenes...

La la la la la....

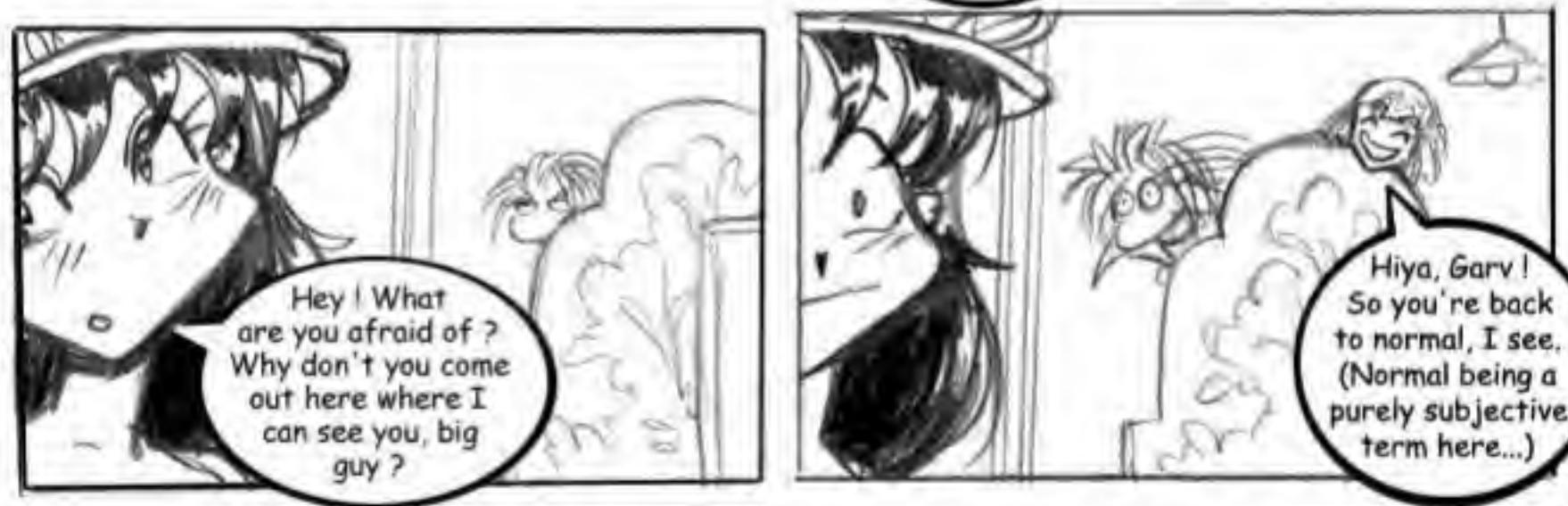


See? The floor's all nice and spotless now... Hee hee...

Yeah. Too bad it ain't gonna STAY that way for long...



# Aiyeeeeee



So, you've got your body back already. My, THAT was a quick bit of regeneration...

Well, shortpants, what can I say ? I'm a fast healer...



Gee, Garv. Your fast recovery wouldn't have anything to do with your making a deal with Rezo to have him use his "time-reverse" spell to bring your body back to a point BEFORE it got fried, now would it ?



How the hell did YOU know about that ?

From Rezo. I just bumped into him a couple minutes ago and he told me all about the deal you made to get your body back to normal...

REZO ?! You made a DEAL with him ? What could a big hairy lummax like YOU have that would be of any interest to a man like Rezo ?



Hey, Garv ! Thanks again for the hair spray ! This lot here ought to last me at LEAST a week...

Ah... I see... Of course...

Okay, everyone...  
It's time. To your places...

Filia ? We need  
you out on stage as our  
Narrator... Are you still  
going to help us ?  
Or...

Ahhhh...

Oh... Gee...  
I don't know.  
I'd hate to leave  
Valgarv at a time  
like this...

\*Gag\*  
Agshuwee, Fiwiama. I feel fibe.  
Reawwy, Pease.  
Go, Weab me.

When him so  
badly injured and  
in need of tender  
wuvine care...

Oooh. That's  
it. Open wide now.  
THAT's a good  
wittwe boy...

Oh.  
You'll be  
allright on  
your own ?

Well, alright  
then, Snookie.

You stay here and  
finish up your strained  
carrots and your Filia-mama  
will be right back.

Snookie...  
Oh gods....The  
humiliation...



Said performance is, of course, if you'll remember, a tool by which Hamlet hopes to determine the guilt or innocence of his Uncle Claudius, who may or may not have caused the murder of Hamlet's father.

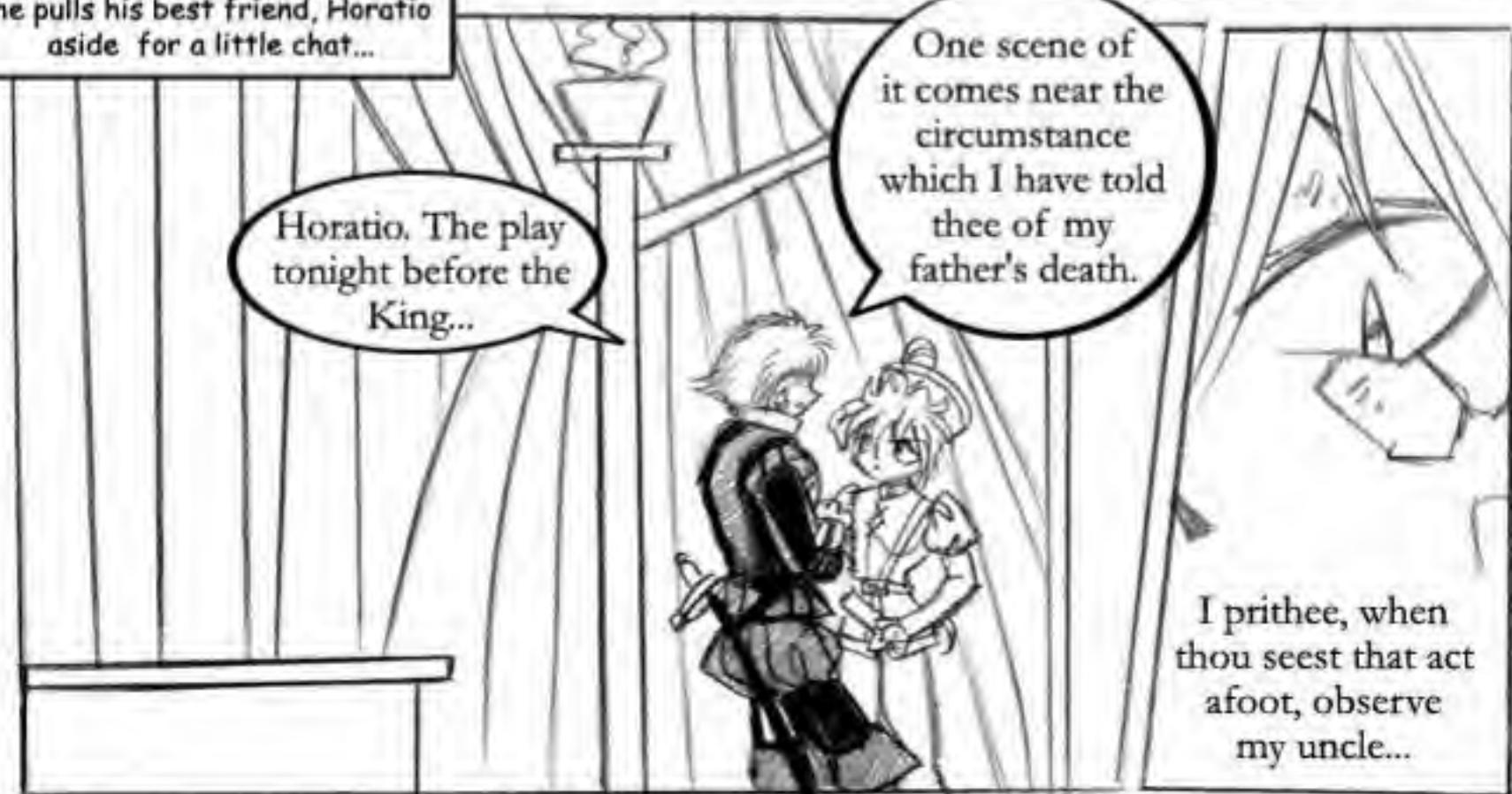


How will  
Claudius react  
when he sees  
a re-enactment  
of his own  
alleged crime  
staged before  
his eyes?

By the time  
the night's  
festivities have  
ended, Hamlet  
hopes he will  
have found an  
answer to that  
question...



Before the play begins,  
he pulls his best friend, Horatio  
aside for a little chat...



Horatio. The play  
tonight before the  
King...

One scene of  
it comes near the  
circumstance  
which I have told  
thee of my  
father's death.

I prithee, when  
thou seest that act  
afoot, observe  
my uncle...



If his  
occulted guilt  
do not itself  
unkennel in one  
speech, it is a  
damned ghost that  
we have seen...

...And my  
imaginings  
are as foul  
as Vulcan's  
stithy.



Give him  
heedful note, for I  
mine eyes will rivet  
to his face...



And after, we will both  
our judgments join  
in censure of his seeming.



Hamlet takes  
his leave of Horatio and  
heads towards his seat,  
stopping first to pay  
respect to his uncle,  
the king.



How fares  
our cousin  
Hamlet?

Excellent, i' faith,  
of the chameleon's  
dish.

I eat the air,  
promised-crammed.  
You cannot feed  
capons so.



Come hither,  
my dear Hamlet,  
sit by me.



No, good mother...



Here's metal more attractive.

Hamlet takes a seat next to Ophelia. It has been days since the two have been in each other's presence. Ophelia can still feel the harsh, angry words of Hamlet's scolding stinging her ears.



Hamlet, for his part, feels sorry for what he has put Ophelia through, but he also knows that she had played an active role in her father Polonius', attempts to spy on him...



Even if she were only doing her duty, even if she hadn't meant him any harm, she had still tried to deceive him...

It hurt Hamlet to see deception in the heart of someone he so loved... Someone he STILL loved...



It hurt Hamlet even more, knowing that he could not confide his plans to her, not yet. And that he would have to keep on playing the madman, no matter how much it might hurt her...

Lady, shall  
I lie in your  
lap ?

No, my lord.

I mean, my  
head upon your  
lap ?

Ay, my lord.

Do you think  
I meant country  
matters ?

I think  
nothing, my  
lord.

That's a fair  
thought to lie  
between maids'  
legs...

"Between maid's  
legs." Tch ! This play is  
getting dirty again,  
isn't it ?

What in  
the hell are you  
doing here ?

Just watching out for  
material which might be  
offensive to tender young  
ears like mine...

You are NOT  
a child... Just...  
GO AWAY !!!

POP!

D-uhh..  
Whaa-- ???



HRRRMM

Eh-huurmm..

You are  
merry, my  
lord...

Hunh?...

Oh..  
Who, I ?

O God,  
your only  
jig-maker.

What  
should a  
man do but  
be merry ?

Ay, my  
lord.

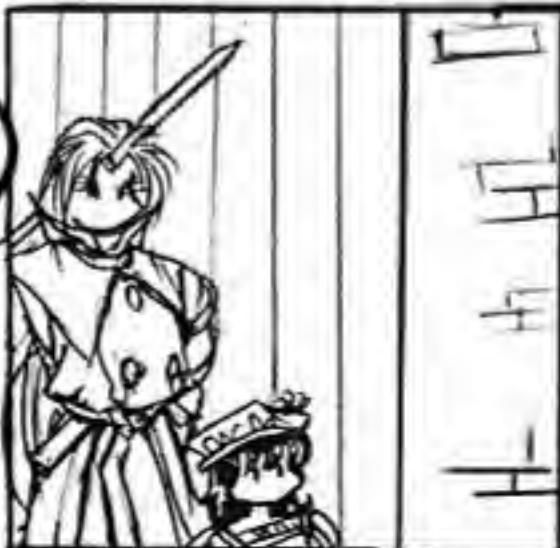
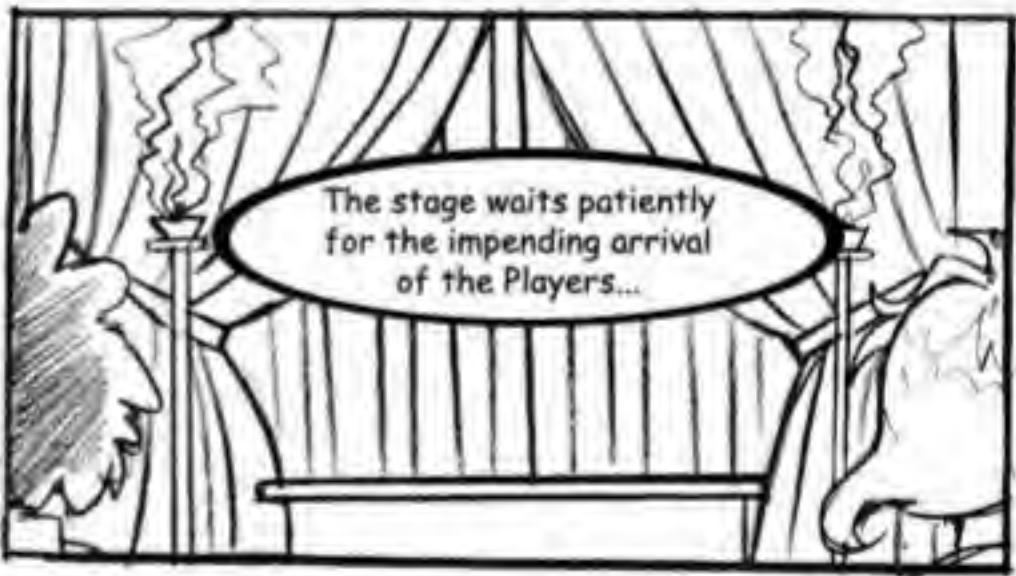
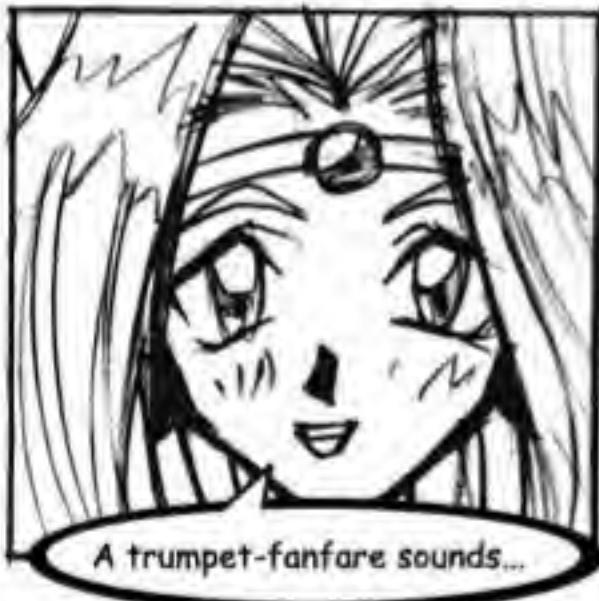
ERREMM

For look  
you how  
cheerfully  
my mother  
looks...

... and  
my  
father died  
within's  
two—  
AHHH !!!

\*GULP\*

ERREMM







*So many journeys may the sun and moon  
make us again count o'er ere love be done !*

*But woe is me ! You are so sick of late,  
so far from cheer and from your former state,  
that I distrust you. Yet though I distrust,  
discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.*

*For women fear too much,  
even as they love,  
And women's fear and love hold  
quantity, in neither aught,  
or in extremity.*

*Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.  
My operant powers their function leave to do.  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
honored, beloved; and haply as one kind...*



*For husband  
shalt thou--*

*O confound the rest !  
Such love must needs be  
treason in my breast!*

In second husband  
let me be accurst.  
None wed the second  
but who killed  
the first...

That's wormwood !

*The instances that  
second marriage move  
are base respects of thrift,  
but none of love.*

*A second time I kill my  
husband dead  
When second husband  
kisses me in bed.*

My God... I just  
realized something...

They're... actually...  
remembering their  
lines !

Could this mean that  
the streak of misfortune  
which has long been  
plaguing this production is  
at last OVER ?

FSHHHK !!

Y'know, director man.  
I couldn't help but notice  
this play is getting a tad  
boring...

I mean, not only am I  
IN a crappy play, I'm in a  
crappy play where I have to  
watch a bunch of other people  
performing ANOTHER  
crappy play...

So I was thinking, maybe I  
could help liven things up a bit ...

...by perhaps throwing  
in a bunch of unscheduled,  
audience-pleasing mayhem  
and gore ? Hmm ?

Would you just  
go back to your  
seat, please ?

I promise you,  
once the mayhem  
and gore start  
flowing...

...there WILL be  
plenty of it !

Yes... Yes,  
there WILL be...

\*SIGH\*

*So think thou wilt  
no second husband wed,  
but die thy thoughts when  
thy first lord is dead.*

*Both here and hence  
pursue me lasting strife !  
If, once a widow,  
ever I be wife !*

*'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave  
me here awhile. My spirits grow dull  
and fain I would beguile the  
tedious day with sleep.*

**SNAP!**

STEP STEP STEP STEP

Thanks for  
re-hiring us,  
boss...

ZZZZZ

**TUP !**

**WHOOMP !!**

Sleep rock  
thy brain...

And never come  
mischance between  
us twain.

Madam, how  
like you this  
play?



The lady  
doth protest  
too much,  
methinks.

O, but  
she'll keep  
her word.

Have you heard  
the argument? Is there  
no offense in 't?

No, no, they  
do but jest, poison  
in jest. No offense  
i' th' world.



What do you  
call the play?

The  
"Mousetrap."  
Marry, how?  
Tropically.

The play is  
the image of a  
murder done in  
Vienna. Gonzago is  
the duke's name,  
his wife  
Baptista.

This is  
one  
Lucianus,  
nephew  
to the  
king.



'Tis a knavish  
piece of work, but  
what of that?

Your Majesty and  
we that have free souls,  
it touches us not.





Begin,  
murderer. Pox,  
leave thy damnable faces and  
begin !



Come, the  
croaking raven  
doth bellow  
for revenge.



Thoughts black,  
bands apt,  
drugs fit,  
and time  
agreeing.

Confederate season,  
else no creature  
seeing.

Thou mixture rank,  
of midnight weeds  
collected,



With Hecate's  
ban thrice  
blasted,  
thrice infected.



Thy natural  
magic and dire  
property  
On wholesome life  
usurp immediately.



GURGLE



?



GACK!



THUD!



He poisons him i' th'  
garden for his estate...



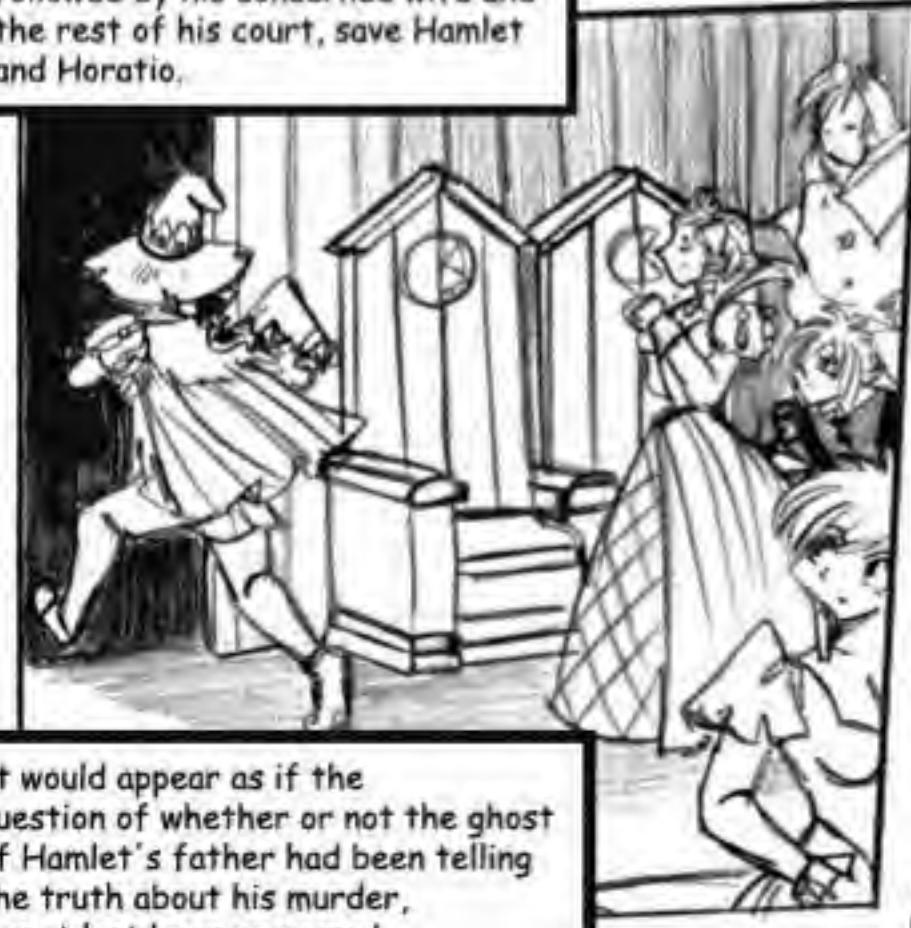
His name's Gonzago. The story is extant and written in very choice Italian.

You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.



# Lights !

King Claudius makes a hasty exit, followed by his concerned wife and the rest of his court, save Hamlet and Horatio.



It would appear as if the question of whether or not the ghost of Hamlet's father had been telling the truth about his murder, has at last been answered...

*Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play.*



*For some must watch,  
while some must sleep:  
Thus runs the world away.*



# ONE UNCHARACTERISTICALLY UNEVENTFUL SCENE CHANGE LATER...

And so, Hamlet now has what he believes to be irrefutable proof of his Uncle Claudius' guilt... All that remains now is for him to act...

However, it does not appear as if Claudius is going to sit idly by and wait for him to do so...

He quickly calls Hamlet's old school friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, into his chambers to conduct a secret meeting with them...

I like him not... Nor stands it safe with us to let his madness range...

Therefore, prepare you. I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure hazard so near's as doth hourly grow out of his brows.

We will ourselves provide...

Most holy and religious fear it is to keep those many bodies safe that live and feed upon your Maj—

We will haste us !!!





O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,  
though inclination be as sharp as will.  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.



What if this cursed hand  
were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
to wash it white as snow ?

But O, what form of prayer  
can serve my turn ?  
"Forgive me my foul murder ?"



That cannot be,  
since I am still  
possessed of those  
effects for which  
I did the murder:  
My crown, mine own  
ambition, and  
my queen.

Help, angels !  
Make assay.



Bow, stubborn  
knees and heart with  
strings of steel  
be soft as sinews  
of the newborn babe.  
All may be well.

At that moment, Hamlet walks by and notices the king alone, apparently deep in concentration.

Now might I do it pat,  
now he is a-praying...





And now...

I'll do 't...



And so he goes to heaven, and so am I revenged. That would be scanned.

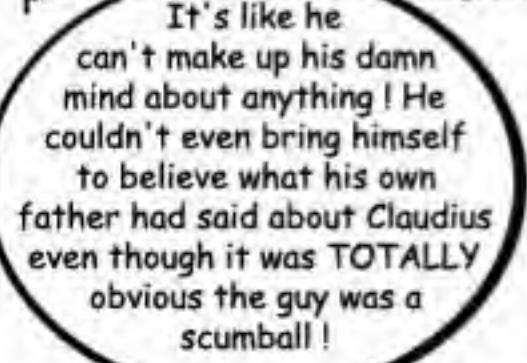
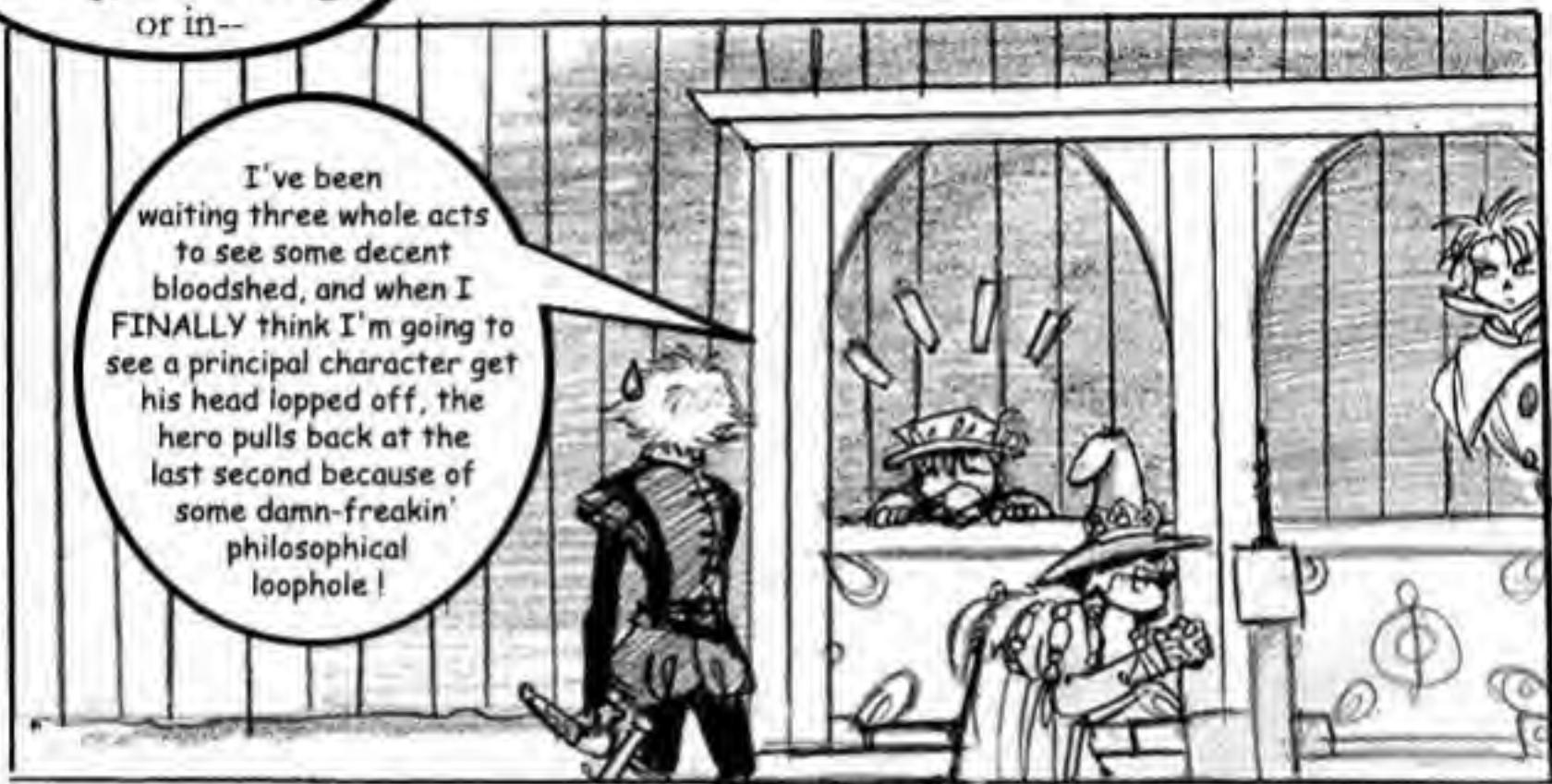


He took my father grossly, full of bread, with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May.

And am I then revenged to take him in the purging of his soul, when he is fit and seasoned for his passage?



No.



Why can't Hamlet just KILL the guy and take over the kingdom ? Why does he always have to DEBATE everything ? Geez !

Polonius hopes that Hamlet still has enough trust in his mother to confide in her...

Little does he know of the tragic and bloody events which are about to take place...

Whoa. That WAS a smooth segueway...

"Tragic and bloody events", eh? So after 3 acts and 226-1/2 manga pages, things FINALLY start getting good.

Ahem.  
So Polonius speaks with the Queen, to advise her on what to say once Hamlet arrives...

SKOOCH  
SKOOCH  
SKOOCH  
SKOOCH

EXCUSE ME, gentlemen....

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with...



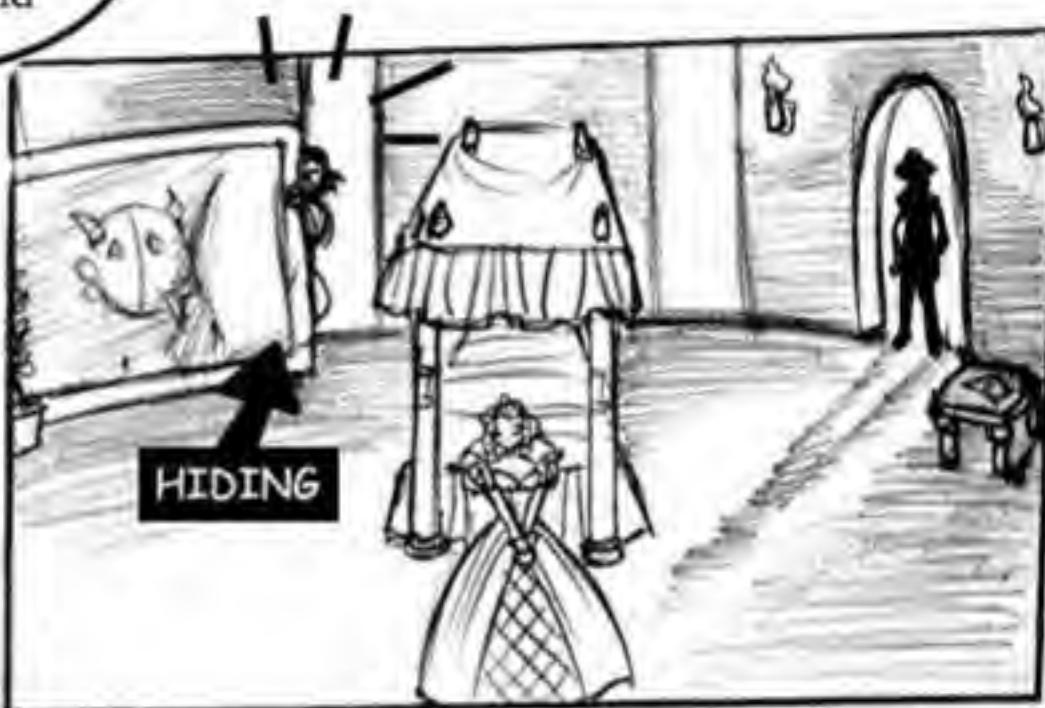
Pray you,  
be round  
with  
him.

And that your  
Grace hath screened  
and stood between  
much heat and  
him.



I'll warrant  
you. Fear  
me not.

Withdraw,  
I hear him  
coming...



Now, mother,  
what's the  
matter ?



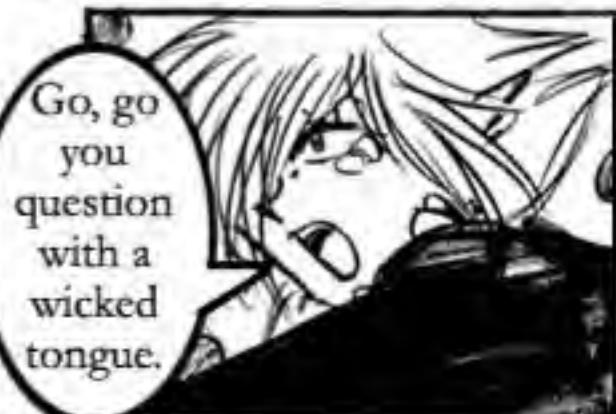
Hamlet, thou  
hast thy father  
much offended.



Mother, you  
have my father  
much offended.



Come,  
come,  
you answer  
with an  
idle  
tongue.



Go, go  
you  
question  
with a  
wicked  
tongue.

Why,  
how now,  
Hamlet ?



What's the  
matter  
now ?



Have you  
forgot  
me ?

No,  
by the rood,  
not so.

You are  
the Queen,  
your  
husband's  
brother's  
wife...

...And (would  
it were not so)  
you are my  
mother.



Nay, then  
I'll set those to you  
that can speak.



Come, come,  
and sit you down;  
you shall not budge !



FWLUMP !



You go not till  
I set you up a glass..

Where you may see  
the inmost part of you.

...

What wilt thou do ?

Thou wilt not murder me ?

HELP !!

Polonius, seeing the Queen is in trouble, cries out for help...

What ho !  
Help !

...It will prove a fatal error in judgement, for Hamlet mistakes him for King Claudius and--

How now,  
a rat ?

Dead, for  
a ducat !

THOK !

DEAD !!

Uhhh...

Gyargh!  
Slipping...  
fast...

Gasp... if only I had  
chosen to pursue JUSTICE  
in the pure light of day...

...instead of  
sneaking and  
spying all the  
time...

To think that I  
shall never see my  
precious Amel—er--  
*Ophelia* again!

Farewell, my  
darling daughter...  
...Fare...well....

Unh....

WHUMP!

Okay, so my spine  
and several internal  
organs are crushed...

But on the  
upside, Prince Phil  
IS out of the play  
from now on...

act  
three



# Sect π π Tu o



# Second Intermission